

# THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL;

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## ON COLOUR.

THE inquiry whether beautiful colour is or is not an absolute exigence in a high art picture is pretty well at rest at present, at least in England: and, although we observe in continental schools an affectation of obstinacy in treating that quality as secondary, we observe occasionally so much of attempt on their parts to add its charms to those in which they more particularly pretend to excel, that even with them, also, the necessity of good colour, in any picture in which colour is at all used, may now be set down as a self-evident proposition that does not require demonstration for its support. There is, however, another question that has not yet been decided; and, indeed, has scarcely been mooted with the seriousness of research that should accompany an inquiry so full of interest to art; that is, "In what does beautiful colour consist?"

This query will, no doubt, be responded to by a multitude of replies; and none will be so ready to reply as those who have thought least upon the subject. Indeed, many will answer at once that the matter has been discussed before; that Field, and Burnett, and Hay, &c., &c., have devoted their attention to this subject, and have exhausted the topic, as far as principle is concerned: that beautiful colour is superintended by the same laws as agreeable sounds; and that harmony, the regulator of the agreeable in everything, is more evident in its domination over the agreeable disposition of hues in a picture than even in the arrangement of interval in a concerto or an overture.

We do not deny to these writers, more particularly Mr. Field, the credit of having applied much acuteness to their work, and of having assisted to establish some facts that may be considered useful towards the further development of the complexity they would unravel. They have, however, endeavoured

to establish an erroneous notion on the subject of harmony, by confining their theory of interval to a single scale; and this oversight has very naturally occurred, from the circumstance that they, having applied themselves to the science of harmony in music for the purpose of illustrating the science of harmony in painting, have just acquired what they thought would be enough for that purpose and no more. They have thus received certain propositions in the one art as positive which are but relative; and, by analogy, have carried with them the error so obtained into the other art they have made that error illustrate. Thus, we observe that every one of these authors teach that the sound C natural is in itself a positive sound; and that C, E, G, the chord of that key, are also three positive sounds. The system of analogy then causes them to teach that blue, red, and yellow, may be used to represent in painting the C, E, G, of the diatonic scale, without taking the trouble to define the blue, the red, or the yellow. Here we have two fundamental errors, each singly in themselves fatal to practical usefulness in the theory laid down. In the first place, the harmony of sound does not depend upon the positive degree of gravity or acuteness of the vibratory organ that produces each note, but upon the interval or difference between the three notes in relation to one another. Thus the C of the orchestra in the opera at Covent Garden may not be exactly the C of the orchestra at the Queen's Theatre, and yet both bands may be playing, equally correct as to harmony. We do not say it is not the same; but that it *may* not be the same; without at all affecting the unison or harmony of sound of each member of each band with each other. That there is a conventional sound called C, about which tuners may be said to hover, we do not dispute; but we assert the exactness of harmony does not so entirely depend upon an exact and positive accordance with that conventionality as upon the relative degrees of gravity or acuteness of all the other strings in that instrument; and that all the instruments together should be according to those principles of proportion in sound, in which the agreeableness of progression has been discovered to consist. To try this question fairly, let a dozen instruments be tuned in different rooms and brought together; each of them would be sufficiently in preparation for a solo, but played altogether a frightful *charivari* would be the result to a delicate ear. Each instrument might be in excellent comparative harmony of interval with itself; but each would be in positive disunion with several among the others. And let it be observed that this disagreeableness from want of accord is a matter of sensation that all delicate organization would discover and dislike. Writers upon art, who would illustrate the laws of harmony in

colour, do not seem to acknowledge the consequence of such slight discrepancies of interval. They do not seem to be aware that a quarter of a tone too low or too high, in one of the keys of a piano-forte, would destroy the beauty of the finest work to a cultivated ear; and they confidently recommend their analogy of music to art without accompanying those principles they believe themselves to have obtained by any attempt at the discovery of a regulation of interval that would assist the painter to, as it were, tune his palette, by the establishment of proportion between his tones of colour. With this teacher of the harmony of colour a red is forsooth a red, a blue a blue, and a yellow a yellow; and, according to them, all reds, all blues, and all yellows are in harmony. This is proved to us by their works being put forth to the world coloured by the hands of a common colourist, who, it is quite sure, never read the work to which he is himself adding the very essence of the good it professes to contain. If his blue is a quarter of tone too cold his harmony is a dissonance, and so of all the other colours. When a quarter of a tone too acute among the violins of an orchestra would destroy an overture by Weber, how can theorists on colour be satisfied to illustrate the intervals of hue by an analogy of which the artist can make no use, from not merely being unprovided with a principle to regulate with exactness the dominant of the key in which he would paint; but also unwarned that such a thing as exact harmony of interval is a necessity for obtaining a full satisfaction in the application of the rule.

This, we say, is one of the analogies to painting found in music, that has been entirely overlooked by theorists. That it is in the power of art to remedy what seems to us so great a difficulty as the procuring of an instrument that should be to the eye of a painter what a tuning-fork is to the ear of a musician; we do not dare either to assert or deny; for amidst the multitude of discoveries that are daily challenging our wonder, that would not be more wonderful than many; but we are quite sure that a work that prints five hundred or a thousand, and that is coloured by common colourists, will never substitute such an instrument. It is, however, a step towards discovery to be aware of the usefulness, nay, even the necessity, of such an instrument, to give exactness to the meaning of terms used in the discussion, as well as to occasionally test perception; for let us all agree in a single colour, and we have a thing to start from; and from which all other intervals may be counted, when we have discovered a mode of testing the correctness of those intervals, by their effect upon the eye, with the same exactness with which the ear now discovers a discrepancy in interval, a false note, or what is called accidental sharp.

There is, again, another analogy between music and painting, which has been entirely overlooked by these theorists; which is, that they have rather considered their chromatic scale, to be a scale of colour conventionally created, than a scale derived from the principles of music itself. The chromatic scale is, however, a scale of tones, all equally brilliant, when equally contrasted by proportioned intervals; while the scales used by Hay particularly, are simply an alternation of dull and bright colours; bright from purity, and dull from a dirtying admixture.

There is, consequently, no chord in any of these scales, that can be called a harmony, from that agreeableness of concord, that arises from the enough and no more of difference; they are, in fact, merely assumed to be such by the theorist; and, they are so far safe from conviction of demonstrated wrong, as there is no doctrine of vibrations to which the human eye responds, that will detect and denounce the fallacy. But, if we are to receive music as an analogy, and look to it for the rules of colour composition, let us take it as a whole; and, in the first place, construct our chromatic scale of colour upon the same number of hues in painting as there are acknowledged sounds in music; and select those hues upon the same principle of interval. As the selection of sound is something conventional, so is that of colour. No matter where we begin on the scale, providing that the intervals of which it is composed, are correct. Proceeding upon this principle, then, we should have the following twelve colours, all being derived directly from the prism; and, therefore, undirtied by admixture; and all, we will suppose, at an interval from each other that is equivalent to half a tone in music:—

Crimson	Green
Red-purple	Yellow-green
Purple	Yellow
Blue-purple	Yellow-orange
Blue	Orange
Blue-green.	Vermillion.

The thirteenth being a crimson, or a repetition of the first, and the whole being equivalent to an octave of sound on the piano-forte.

Here it will be observed that there are key-notes for hues, for twelve major and twelve minor diatonic scales; every one of which has a chord of its own, and all of which chords will be found, or ought to be found, in the same proportion of interval. To those who are entirely unacquainted with the theory of music, it may be necessary to point out that the chromatic scale, which, from its name, appears to indicate that the ancient musicians did apply to the analogy of painting for the same assistance that we would now derive from the principles they have established. We say, the chromatic scale consists of twelve intervals, at equal, or very nearly equal distances from each other; those intervals being regulated exactly upon the proportion of tension, and consequent vibration of a string of given thickness, consistency, and length. But we are not now upon acoustics, and may be permitted to take music as we find it popularly received, without going deeply into the mechanism by which it is regulated. These twelve intervals being equidistant; it has been found that their use as a whole by the musician, would lead to a certain monotony or repetition in character of composition; this it has been thought desirable to guard against, by taking from the whole a certain number of notes, which might be called a scale of its own, taking

care that such scale should have an irregularity of interval; this irregularity, so far got rid of, the monotony arising from regularity of interval, that each scale, so selected, forms in itself a simple melody, and does thereby induce a diversity of character in composition, by forcing as it were a diversity of character in progression. There were, therefore, seven notes selected from the twelve, to form, what is called in music, the diatonic scale; and, it being impossible to select seven notes from twelve, that were equidistant in interval, a variety is imposed as a necessity; this necessity being also an advantage, as we must have some of the intervals less than the others. Our endeavours at analogy should therefore cause us to construct these, our diatonic scales in colour, upon the exact principles of those to which musicians have chosen to refer; and the result would be a scale of whole and half-tones; the exceptional half-tone, by the same analogy, being between the third and fourth, and seventh and eighth of the keys. Taking then our first key to be crimson, the diatonic scale would be as follows:—

Crimson	Yellow-green
Purple	Orange-yellow
Blue	Scarlet, and
Blue-green.	Crimson, being a repetition of the key-note.

By comparing this, the diatonic scale of crimson with the chromatic scale given above, the principle of selection will be manifest, the half tones being between blue and blue-green, and vermillion, and crimson. But the chord is the first, third, and fifth of the scale; the chord of crimson will then be crimson, blue, and yellow-green; and we have no doubt but that an artist, with an eye for colour, such as the ear that some self-taught musicians have for sound, would compose delightful effects with that combination for their base. Let us then take red-purple for the key, and see what it will produce.

Red-purple	Yellow
Blue-purple	Orange
Blue-green	Crimson
Green.	Red-purple, the octave to the first.

Here we have the chord to be red-purple, blue-green, and yellow.

The key of purple would be—

Purple	Orange-yellow
Blue	Scarlet
Green	Red-purple, and
Yellow-green.	Purple.

The chord being purple, green, and orange-yellow.

The key of blue-purple would be—

Blue-purple	Orange
Blue-green	Crimson
Yellow-green	Purple, and
Yellow.	Blue-purple.

The chord being blue-purple, yellow-green, and orange.

The key of blue would be—

Blue	Scarlet
Green	Red-purple
Yellow	Blue-purple, and
Orange-yellow.	Blue.

The chord being blue, yellow, and scarlet, the only chord allowed by the writers on colour.

The key of blue-green would be—

Blue-green	Crimson
Yellow-green	Purple
Orange-yellow	Blue, and
Orange.	Blue-green.

The chord being blue-green, orange-yellow, and crimson.

The key of green would be—

Green	Red-purple
Yellow	Blue-purple
Orange	Blue-green, and
Scarlet.	Green.

The chord being green, orange, and red-purple.

The key of yellow-green would be—

Yellow-green	Purple
Orange-yellow	Blue
Scarlet	Green, and
Crimson.	Yellow-green.

The chord being yellow-green, scarlet, and purple.

The key of yellow would be—

Yellow	Blue-purple
Orange	Blue-green
Crimson	Yellow-green, and
Red-purple.	Yellow.

The chord being yellow, crimson, and blue-purple.

The key of orange-yellow would be—

Orange-yellow	Blue
Vermillion	Green
Red-purple	Yellow, and
Purple.	Orange-yellow.

The chord being orange-yellow, red-purple, and blue.

The key of orange would be—

Orange	Blue-green
Crimson	Yellow-green
Purple	Orange-yellow, and
Blue-purple.	Orange.

The chord being orange, purple, and blue-green.

The chord of scarlet would be—

Scarlet	Green
Red purple	Yellow
Blue-purple	Orange, and
Blue.	Scarlet.

The chord being scarlet, blue-purple, and green.

Having thus gone through the twelve major scales, leaving the experimenter to construct the minors upon the same principle, with the simple difference that the selected half-tones are to be between the second and third and fifth and sixth of the scale, we will re-enumerate the chords. We shall then find that they are all, however different in character, of colours equally capable of brilliancy in effect; being equal in interval from each other. The first principle of colour being that effects are always comparative; and that the colour derives more brilliancy from its neighbour than it does from itself. The chords are then as follows:—

Crimson, blue, yellow-green.	Green, orange, red-purple.
Red-purple, blue-green, yellow.	Yellow-green, scarlet, purple.
Purple, green, orange-yellow.	Yellow, crimson, blue-purple.
Blue-purple, yellow-green, orange.	Orange-yellow, red-purple, blue.
Blue, yellow, scarlet.	Orange, purple, blue-green.
Blue-green, orange-yellow, crimson.	Scarlet, blue-purple, green.

Let us be understood here as rather giving hints than as laying down absolute principles; for every one of these chords might be painted, as it were, out of tune, and might be used in such variety of proportion as to have all degrees of effect. We however, have no hesitation in recommending them to the fair examination of all those to whom colour is an object of study. They will find that



in a picture composed with reference to one of these scales, if that part of the composition to which it is desirable to confer the greatest prominence be painted in the colour of the chord, the effect intended will be answered most completely. These chords will also be found to be useful in the composition of stage costume. These rules for scales and chords contain in themselves the first principles of analogy between sound and colour, and we have but to provide some test of exactness as to being in tune; when, as far as theory is concerned, the harmony of colour would be established.

But, although we have allowed music to possess the advantage of certainty as to the justness of interval, this very advantage is founded upon its own inferiority as an art; and while it is thus able to test correctness in one quality, it is entirely without an available standard in any other. Music, not being an imitative art, cannot, at any time like painting, be compared with its model. There is no such quality as truth in music—all is fashion; and what is received with the enthusiasm of admiration at one time, will at another be met with coldness, and at a third with repulse. This want of truth in music causes it to be more completely the child of conventionality; and, if painting were to follow it through all its contrivances, there would, no doubt, be much that would be useless, and not a little that would be wrong. This quality of truth, however, in painting, takes the lead with the colourist and substitutes all other tests. His knowledge of colour as a theory only enables him to clothe and arrange his model agreeably; but there is a practical knowledge, tact, or perception, upon which he must place his greatest dependence. It is not every man who can perceive the truth that is before him; and the more we see of art, the more are we convinced that the quality of a colourist is a quality depending more upon the organization of the individual than upon any instruction he may receive. To this it is owing that an artist's pictures are almost always in the same chord—a mannerism of combination that has no foundation in reasoning, makes him produce without a thought an attempt at varying rather the situation of colour than the colour itself. Some occasional reference to the chords above enumerated would remedy such a monotony of succession, and truth would consecrate the whole.

Before concluding this article, we would refer to one quality of a colourist, that is more than any other an excellence—it is that of consistency. This term, so applied, may need explanation. Our meaning is this: those who look at these matters with attention will have observed that colours upon a clear frosty day and upon a warm summer's afternoon are not the same; the same blue silk, for instance, would vary in its hue under such a variety of circumstance. Well, then, what is desirable in a picture is, that all the colours should be seen as if under the same atmosphere; the degree of warmth or coldness being the same throughout, with the shadows and lights so approximating in their hue that nothing should contradict about them. This consistency has been best supported among our school by Poole's *Sion Nunnery*, and Egg's two pictures from the *Taming of the Shrew*. It is this quality, no doubt, that there has been an endeavour to substitute by the addition of a coloured varnish, and which made the "very essence" of Verax; but this substitute sacrifices very many other qualities of a picture, for it destroys all that delicacy of tint which a

sufficient consideration of the requisite would have provided for in the first painting. It is this quality that is in some sort conferred upon ancient pictures by time, and it is the excellence of the Venetian school. We do not think it is necessary now to go out of England for examples of the most perfect specimens, and the only regret we have is to see pictures so perfect in the production of those qualities that time would repair if imperfect, but which it must, under present circumstances, deteriorate.

H. C. M.

#### DIFFERENT STYLES OF MUSIC.

THERE has been always an immense deal of talking amongst musicians of the existence of different schools of music. Italian, German, French, English, &c., &c., but all that talk has, in fact, ended in nothing else than reiterating the bare assertion that there are different schools. This would be granted by any one without hesitation, seeing that climate, customs, habits, social institutions, &c., &c., produce a different state of things in every quarter of the globe, not only in matters political, but artistic; not only in matters appertaining to the public at large, but to domestic affairs. The human mind being influenced by every variety of circumstance, as a weather-cock is by every change of wind. That the style of music should be different in Italy to what it is in Germany, is therefore a matter of course; it is the same with respect to Germany and France, and France and England. Seeing then that from the very nature of things there must be a difference, our only quarrel is with those who take up one or other as a hobby-horse, and decry all the rest. Surely a man may admire Italian music, without running down English; or be in raptures with the German school, without entering upon a fire and sword crusade against all and sundry the French. The most curious part of the whole being, that music, as an art, whatever may be the country, depends on the same rules. An Italian, German, Frenchman, or Englishman, if he would make himself master of it, must learn precisely the same rules, the same method of construction, precisely the same manner of writing it. Equally then, if not more than any other art, music may be considered an universal language. Put down any number of musicians, from all the different countries of civilized Europe, who shall never have seen one another before; and place the parts of a piece of music before them, and they will all play in concert. It is clear then there is a common chord pervading the art, and that the divergence from that does not alter the character, but modifies it; giving it a variety which has been from all time considered as charming, from philosophers down to writing copies; a dogma that has been propounded by the sages of the ancient world down to the man who will polish off your hand-writing in six lessons.

We were led insensibly into the contemplation of this subject by an observation we overheard at the representation of *Don Giovanni*, at Covent Garden Theatre; the person giving vent to his opinions in something like the following:—"That it was a great treat to hear good classical music, after all the modern Italian rubbish that had lately been given." This Italian rubbish including *Il Barbiere*, *Semiramide*, and the principal works of Bellini and Donizetti. It is to be regretted that such opinions

should exist; but it is notorious that they are shared in by a great body of amateurs and professionals in this country. That this should be the case is detrimental to art in every way; more especially to one which is so universally sought after. Alas! that it should be cut up into so many petty coteries.

This is a subject that requires some rough handling. The opinion that the modern Italian music is rubbish, keeps its ground by a sort of prescriptive right. That it will in time be absorbed by the rays of truth there can be no doubt; but, as long as it lasts, it is very prejudicial; for it goes to the length not only of decrying the modern Italian, but also of setting up the modern German. It carries away many to hear the intolerable noise of the Huguenots, and to cry it up as something extraordinary with the very same breath. The opera of *Norma*, in every way its superior, is twitted with a supercilious air, as if it was not fit to come into the operatic catalogue at all. It leads some to use the most extravagant language with regard to any production of Mozart, whilst one of Rossini's or Bellini's would be passed over with a smile. Let us take *Don Giovanni* and *Il Barbiere*, and great as is the first as a musical composition, it may be a question even with the most fastidious critic, whether it surpasses *Il Barbiere*. Compare "*Notte e giorno*" and *Largo al factotum*, with reference to the words of each, and it is not quite clear that the last is not by far the most appropriate of the two. Take *Dove sono* and *Casta Diva*; setting aside all prejudice, the melody of the latter is quite equal in every respect to its more highly vaunted compeer. We know we are treading on dangerous ground; that we run the risk of being thought a little touched in the upper regions by the mere assertion of such heresies; but, to use a common, perhaps vulgar, phrase, it is high time to take "the bull by the horns," and overthrow all the barriers which stop the way to the temple of truth.

That styles are essentially different in music, is only saying what is the case with other arts; thus, with regard to painting. The Italian is different from the Dutch and Flemish; and these again vary from the French and Spanish; but it would be absurd in any one who should prefer the peculiarity of one school to decry another. The warm tints, the glowing colours of the Venetian find charms for the many. Some relish chiefly the Dutch and Flemish style; there are others, again, to whom the Spanish or French would be more congenial. What would be said to any one abusing all the rest, but the one that struck his fancy. We should be much inclined to doubt his capability of appreciating any style; and this applies precisely to music. To us it has always appeared to indicate a want of the power of appreciation for the art generally, whenever we hear any one praising, as is so often the case, some particular school of the art, and decrying, as so much rubbish, all that does not come within the scope of this contracted boundary.

A little consideration will, however, prove far more than we have ventured to advance with regard to the musical art; it is that music, as an art, is progressive; from its very nature, it cannot remain stationary; unlike painting, which draws from nature herself all her resources, music varies almost according to circumstances; the rules that govern composition, although to a certain extent definite, are, notwithstanding, arbitrary, having no fixed principles on which to rest; prescription

alone being the rule of right, and new combinations being permitted even now, when it assumes to itself all the accuracy of a science; added to which, much in music depends on mechanism. The improvement of instruments must alone create modifications; for the limit of power of instrumentation restricted the power of the composer in the last century, and that which is now considered to be the utmost point arrived at, will, ere long, be surpassed by still greater mechanical skill. As heretofore, instruments from small beginnings have been brought to their present state of perfection; and even at this state, it cannot be said that the limit is reached. So that music as an art has not only to contend against the modifications that must necessarily arise from the difference naturally existing amongst nations, but against the still more searching attacks it receives from its own progressive nature. He, therefore, that sets up some standard of the past as the limit of the musical art, and that would set himself to decry anything modern, to a certain extent, commits a foolishness. The *chef d'œuvres* of this age must necessarily be quite equal to anything the past has produced; and there can be no question that, in the natural progress of the art, future generations will have to record of this present as we now do of the past. It therefore appears to amount almost to a demonstration that a *laudator temporis actæ* as regards music cannot understand its nature. And any one who, upon this ground, that is, of setting up the past as a standard, and who then runs down any modern music that is of the character of the works we have mentioned in comparison with that past, has never considered the subject; but has suffered himself to be blinded by dogmas, having not a shadow of truth upon which to rest.

C. J.

#### THE ADVANTAGES OF COMPETITION.

—A plague on both your houses;  
They have made worms' meat of me.

WE have remarked that, in the improvements now going on from time to time in London, the recompense for loss sustained is scarcely ever apportioned in the proportion in which it is inflicted. If, in making a new thoroughfare, a man's house lies directly in its line of route and must be pulled down, it is, in almost every case, a small fortune to the party. There is always an extreme of value put upon the lease, the fixtures and the good-will of the tenant, and a proportionately ample price is paid to the freeholder for the forced transfer of his property. There is, however, another party that is never considered at all; but whose loss is not much less considerable. A new thoroughfare, it will be evident to everybody, if at all an improvement, must be so from the greater convenience afforded to passengers through it; that is, those who were obliged to travel from one place to another by the indirect sinuosities previously afforded, are to be assisted by the creation of a shorter and more commodious road. Its very intention is, therefore, to absorb into its line all the traffic that was before divided among its neighbourhood, and the ruin of a number of smaller and less obtrusive localities, is the certain consequence of its success. The parties sacrificed scarcely ever foresee this sufficiently; they look on at the struggle between the Woods and Forests and those of their neighbours turned out entirely, and are scarcely aware of the double infliction upon themselves, arising from the emi-

gration of their settled customers, and the withdrawal of the chance passers into the new stream.

The dramatic position of the metropolis is, at present, under some such unforeseen infliction. When Lumley, of the Haymarket Italian Opera, was threatened with a competition so gigantic as that which presented itself in the constellation of talent arrayed against him at Covent Garden Theatre, the cry on all sides was, that the enterprising and, till then, fortunate speculator would not survive the contest; and that, although the schismatics might be successful, their victory would be, to them, too costly to be advantageous. Each manager of each English theatre congratulated himself, in a fancied security, that he had nothing to do with the matter; and that whatever mischief the foreigners' speculations might inflict upon each other, the result must be favourable to the home producer. How uncomfortable must be their disappointment now! The very enthusiasm of competition has made the Italian opera a fashion; the exertion of rivalry has produced talent of which no one suspected the existence; while the emulation created among the artists themselves, has impelled them to such an excess of effort, that even the very quality of music itself has received a fillip that has raised it into a much higher position, than it ever occupied at any former period.

The consequence of this competition is that everybody is being ruined but the competitors. There is not a profession that has not suffered under the pressure of what may be called a national calamity, but the two operas. Their struggles for precedence over each other has made them both take precedence of all the rest; and it is probable that Mr. Lumley will be a gainer, while his rivals may not lose by the experiment, although it is quite as probable that, without an opposition, this season would have been to him a loss. There is a singularity attending this matter that is worth noting; the conflict has been singer against singer. The discussion that has occupied the attention of every society has been the merits of Jenny Lind, of Grisi, of Persiani, of Alboni, of Castellan, of Corbari. The comparisons to be made are between Mario, Salvi, Gardoni, and Fraschini; while Tamburini, Ronconi, Lablache, Staudigl, and Marini must all be spoken of familiarly, as to their scale of merit, or you are nobody anywhere. To be sufficiently instructed in this matter an individual has no time for other dramatic enjoyments; and as for any small talk that may be obtainable from having seen Mrs. Butler, Macready, or even the newest *lionne*, Mrs. Nisbett, why it is disreputable even to mention that you have been in such society; and our first tragedian cannot collect a box audience. So it is in this large world of London; the great effort is to get yourself talked about. If you have no merit, it will be of use to you for a time; if you are tolerable, it will be useful to you for a long time; but if you have a great deal, it will be of use to you for ever. In either case, if you cannot make a noise yourself you may die unheard of. The obstacle to the appreciation of talent is the congregation of pretence that renders selection almost impossible. The opera has made itself appreciated by forcing the attention of the public in its direction; and there is a numerous body whose members have found in it attractions far more than they expected. They have discovered, for the first time, that an Italian singer of eminence must

be always, what an English singer never has been at any time—an actor. They have discovered that the Italian opera is a combination of musical and dramatic excellence; and that, in many instances, we find one person on the opera stage will combine higher qualities in each department than our system of stage management at home has compelled from any of our own growth in one only.

The advantage arising from competition is remarkably exemplified by the fact that the ballet of the opera is fast sinking into insignificance from being left out of this impulse. No one now condescends to talk of a *danseuse* out of the theatre; and, accordingly, we will find that no one takes the trouble to notice their endeavours in the theatre. While we believe that the high class lyric drama has, in London, during the present season, made an immense step towards establishing itself in a permanence of popularity, we cannot help observing that the ballet has received a discouragement from which it will never recover. When we see Fanny Elssler enter the stage without being greeted with the slightest applause by way of reception, the case is too clear to pass by without notice. What! the celebrity of the artistic portion of the earth, from Peterborough to New Orleans, to come on the opera stage as unremarked as a *figurante*! This must mean something, and the consequence is not confined to the artist, whose efforts are paralysed, and shrink into the mechanical coldness of mere steps, that give no sign of enjoyment; but it augurs the decline of that enthusiasm that was at its height when the *pas de quatre* filled the theatre to an overflow. Then there was a competition between the individuals, that has now been engulfed in the more mighty war of the rival houses; and, as there is not sufficient rivalry in that particular, the ballet is evaporating from the opera; and we should not be surprised to find, at no very remote period, that the glories of that portion of our exotic amusement had become tradition.

Applying all this observation of the consequences of competition in the generally-believed impossibility of success to two Italian operas on the same night, cannot we perceive that the great boon to the British drama would be a competition of a similar description. Something that would, at the same time, become a theme of public discussion, and a motive for exertion to managers in the discovery of talent, and to the actors themselves in rousing the talent they possess to its utmost. We repeat, again, our belief that, but for this impulse, the Italian opera might have been this year a failure. Irish distress, and the pressure in our own money-market, would have made itself felt, even in the Queen's Theatre, but for the additional interest conferred upon the lyric drama above all others, consequent to this struggle. It has been the best of all advertisements; an indirect appeal to public attention. Each house, while proclaiming the excellence of its own, is, by implication, lauding that of its adversary. Each is making known the existence of the other so loudly that the names of all those establishments, not supposed in collision, escape notice. The monster placards of the Princess's, or the Haymarket little theatre, escape attention, because their interest begins and ends with themselves; they are not struggling to overthrow each other, but merely to obtain a miserable existence for their own individualities, and they have been abandoned to their insignificance. They rather avoid than court



competition. Their avoidance not being that of classification, but of fear. Theirs is the competition of cheapness. They endeavour to go on with the least possible expense. They would not create an interest in the public; they would rather destroy it. They would escape notice; and the Italian operas have not been more successful in their endeavours than these have been in the opposite direction. They have almost succeeded in proving that dramatic talent is something for which the country does not possess a capacity. This meanness of attempt is the more remarkable, as being a mode of proceeding confined to the stage. Everything else is gigantic in its proposed end. Everything else would improve to the uttermost the means within their reach; would leave behind them the accomplishment of the past, to substitute the still greater excellence of the present. They would rather wish the past to be forgotten, that they might, by refusing to it the success it has obtained, be enabled to excuse the meanness they provide. The days of competition—full, fair, competition—between two strong rivals, would again restore the stage to something of its vigour. The evidence that is daily furnished to us is sufficient to establish this principle; and we know of no other that would substitute that in a free institution country like our own. We are, however, inclined to fear that it is one of those consequences that attaches itself to our system, and we must look upon it as an irremediable evil that connects itself with much that we would not part with to get rid of the incapacity it evidences.

In France, on the contrary, managers have but little to do with the education of the actor. It is the dramatic writer that superintends all that. Casimer Delavigne, Scribe, Alexander Dumas, and Frederic Soulié, have manufactured actors expressly for their pieces. Actors, whom these writers have taken into favour, have created, thanks to their instructors, some half dozen characters; quite enough to make a name. They reproduce, faithfully and scrupulously, what these their masters, teach them. They are often but well-constructed vocal puppets, whose faults have become beauties by the countenance of the dramatist; and when they have thought themselves capable of going alone, and fly with their own wings, without the assistance of the writer, their fall has been remarkable.

Cassimer Delavigne has been heard to describe the manner in which he superintended the rehearsal of *Louis XI.* With a lump of chalk in his hand, he indicated the point at which the actor should stop, the number of steps he should take, and not only each phrase, but every word was spoken by him, pronounced, and emphasised twenty times before the public heard it. Scribe is said to have created the entire company of the Gymnase himself. Certain actors that were seen to such advantage at that theatre, having from circumstances changed their scene, have sunk into the oblivion of an utility actor at a provincial theatre. The actors of the Ambigu are so exactly what Frederic Soulié has made them, that there are those who have preserved the gait, the step, the action, the habits, and even the intonation of that celebrated romancer; so much so that it has been supposed that he acted himself in his own plays. The reputation of Alexandre Dumas for this influence on the scene exceeds all these. He is the most dangerous of all to an actor. No matter whom he has to deal with, he imprints his

own notion so ineffaceably upon the man, that when he has to play in another piece, by another author, he is still acting the character Dumas taught him. This was very remarkable on a late occasion when *L'Ecole des Familles* was represented at the Theatre Historique. Whatever may be the cause, there is one fact certain—that for the last ten years there has been but two names that have made themselves a celebrity—Mlle. Rachael, in tragedy, and Mme. Rose Cheri, in comedy; beyond these there is nothing, absolutely nothing, that has made to itself a renown since they have been upon the stage. And, indeed, if their actors are not increasing in number, neither are their writers for the stage. Ten years ago were pronounced the same names that we remark at present; and, of the many that have retired, not one has been advantageously replaced. Does this agreement in declension between the French and English stage evidence some slow but sure revolution in the public mind? The question requires more space than we can afford, to reply to it, even if we possessed the means of discussing the subject satisfactorily.

#### THE TRUNKMAKER.

#### METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENT.

THAT a great stride has lately been made in metropolitan architecture, is proved by the more attractive appearance exhibited in almost every newly erected building. How far this has been caused by any general advance in public opinion, towards a taste for more ornamental structure, or by the mere necessity of the case, arising from the conviction that the streets of this great metropolis have been hitherto a disgrace rather than a honour to the country, it is not for us to decide. We do not apprehend, however, that the public cares much about the matter. It may stare at one building, or abuse another; but as to the improvement of the outside of the structures, intended merely as abodes, it does not seem that much attention has been excited to the subject. The business habits of the nation at large do not permit the indulging in those leisureable movements, which enable a passenger to cast his eyes about him in search of objects of attraction. An Englishman generally goes from one point to another; and leaves his home, not with any intention of gazing around him as he slowly walks along. No, that would not suit his habits; he must be going somewhere; and if, in fact, he has literally no where to go to, he makes a business for himself, whether to make a call, order a pair of boots, or eat an ice. The end being thus always present; he rarely thinks of noticing anything between these extreme points,—the starting post and the goal. There may be another reason for this absence of appreciation of the ornamental, arising also from a peculiarity in his character, that is comprised in the word comfort. At a first glance it would seem absurd to suppose that the idea comfortable, which is inherent in every Englishman, should have any influence upon his perception; but this may easily be deduced from the mere state of the case. The house is essentially a home. The Englishman gathers around him there, not only what administrators to his wants, but to that which is a far more important consideration in his eyes, his comforts; his fireside, his arm chair, and other little etceteras, form the principal ingredients of his internal accommodations; and so long as the room he lives in

is comfortable, it is a matter of little consequence what the outside may be. He views no house with reference to its ornamental character, but merely as to what it is likely to be as a vehicle for accommodation; a place in which he may make himself comfortable. Ask any one his opinion of a mansion in Russell or Belgrave-square—notorious examples of mere builders' work—and he will apply to it the epithet "splendid;" having, however, no reference by this term to anything external; but, merely considering in his mind, its capability of accommodation. Take this same individual to any suburban villa, having some pretension to ornamental character; nay, we will go much farther, and say, displaying great decorative design; such, for instance, as may be seen in some of the villas in the new thoroughfare from Kensington to Bayswater; and the term "splendid," which would be more appropriate for its ornate properties, is quietly dropped; the utmost we shall be able to extract from him being comprised in the epithet "pretty." A sort of hydra, having as many significations as the monster heads. With such a power of inertia to contend with, the momentum must be considerable which would set it in motion in any given direction. That the force has been applied is clear, and, as a first step to improvement in ornamental structure, we may instance Regent-street. The effort in that production was, however, so great, that the metropolis seemed paralyzed by the immensity of its own exertions and rested for many a year on the laurels gained on that occasion. For a while the world, that is, the London world, went mad with delight at what it conceived a crowning effort of genius. A few years has, however, sufficed to dispel the then metropolitan conceit; and, though we may give every credit to the prince and the architect who designed and carried through this great work, still we now cannot look upon the architectural decoration as of any moment, when compared with the buildings that are being reared round us in every direction.

Another reason for increased attention to ornamental buildings may be found to have originated in another ingredient in the compound of the English character. We now refer to "utility." The utilitarian principle has discovered that ornament may be made subservient to its interests. A deep projecting cornice, whilst it gives a finish to the structure, tends not a little to preserve it from the strife of the elements. Window pediments and string courses contribute also to the same end; but we do not imagine that such considerations have had any weight. The utility we now speak of takes its rise from a much more selfish spring. It has been demonstrated from facts, too fearfully true, that the very health of the metropolis is endangered by the existence of low buildings and contracted spaces, such as have hitherto abounded in almost every part of it. The Health of Towns Commission, having shown the frightful extent of ill that hovers over every densely populated neighbourhood, has been the means of acting upon the inertia of the Wood and Forests. Districts hitherto nothing but dens of destitution and death have now been visited with the sweeping besom of improvement; the former habitations have been laid low, spaces cleared, and structures have risen which may vie with, nay, surpass any that we could hitherto boast of. With the opening of new Oxford-street a new era has begun, and St. Giles—once the

opprobrium of London, the very scum of the earth—may not only show its front in comparison with St. James's, but claim to itself the honourable distinction of leading the van in the enterprize now begun of embellishing with decorative design the hitherto neglected appearance of our streets.

In allusion to the metropolitan improvement, there is one circumstance not a little curious in itself, which we will here mention. There seems to have been a most unaccountable propensity existing amongst our ancestors of planting a square here and there without any convenient approach, nay, with scarcely any approach at all—as was the case with Leicester-square before the late alterations, Red Lion-square, Golden-square, and others going eastward; nay, if we travel west, to a certain extent, we find this inconvenience in Hanover-square, Berkeley-square, and others. Now that the opening of these may be made conducive to the improvement of the general appearance there can be no question, as has been shown in Leicester-square, but the principle of opening squares, not only for healthful but decorative purposes, does not seem to have entered into the heads of our worthy commissioners; the changes made are evidently conducted on patchwork notions; there seems no great design from which all minor alterations should emanate—a street is opened here—houses pulled down there. New erections arise individually good in themselves, but belonging to no general principle. We do not mean to say that there should be uniformity—that would only produce deformity—but that some great outline of improvement should be adhered to, so that decoration might be made appropriate not only as regards the intention of the building, but even its locality; the last being a circumstance almost entirely overlooked in reference to architectural ornament, but which ought to enter materially into the character of the design, and the neglect of which was made manifest in many of the plans sent in for the Army and Navy Club competition.

We have thus endeavoured to show the whys and wherefores of the past and present state of architectural development, and in some future number we shall enter into a consideration of the specimens of ornamental structures presented to us in the late metropolitan improvements.

#### THE FINE ARTS.

##### THE USEFULNESS OF PHRENOLOGY TO THE SCULPTOR.

We have been frequently obliged to remark that artists, as a body, are too little inclined to interest themselves in the literature of their period; they do not seem to value at their worth the many indirect helps that are furnished by analogy in departments of effort, that although not seeming to belong to that with which they are engaged, do have a tendency to assist them in their career, and furnish hints that would not otherwise present themselves. It is probable that the ancient artists enjoyed advantages in associating with the philosophers of their period, and so were enabled to embody into their works many of the truths that had been obtained by those whose sole occupation it was to observe. That the ancients were practical phrenologists we cannot doubt, for there is not an antique bust of celebrity that may not be produced as evidence that their agreement with the general principles of the science was intentional.

This is not so with modern sculptors. It is true the bust-maker is compelled to follow, to a certain extent, the organization of his sitter; for he soon finds that the resemblance of a por-

trait depends, in a great degree, upon the shape of the head. This is not, however, to him so evident, when employed in ideal composition; and he gets bewildered in a looseness of opinion respecting intellectual elevation that in many cases resolves itself into something monstrous in respect to forehead. Now if a sculptor would just take the trouble to examine the heads of those men who are remarkable for these monstrous foreheads, without that sufficiency of support from the other regions of the brain, he will find that their usefulness is very restricted, and their consequence among their fellows is never such as would give them that degree of popularity that would make a hero. This involves nothing of the details of phrenology; in fact, it belongs rather to what some would, for distinction, describe under the title of craniology as having only to do with general proportion in external form, a study within the reach of any artist that mixes at all with society. We do not ask any one to believe in our observations, we wish them rather to observe for themselves; but we would suggest to them the examination whether the following is not so general a rule that there is not an exception. There is no man of eminence in any art that requires long and determined study, that has not the back part of the head the highest. This is the obstinacy that will do; the obstinacy of self-reliance; and equally marks the actor, the general, the statesman, the bandit, the artist, and the musician. Mind, we mean the celebrated in all; that takes the lead; that marks out his own course, and never swerves from difficulty. This characteristic has nothing to do with virtue or vice, it belongs purely to determination and perseverance; and no matter what his class of celebrity, there is no respectable head without. There may, without this, be that sort of virtue that is inspired by fear, that sort of obstinacy, that belongs to cowardice; both characteristics that are the reverse of those supposed to be possessed by individuals whose actions have made them worthy that perpetuity of fame, it is the intention of marble monuments to confer.

Conventionality has held a tighter grip of the sculptor than of the painter. We may have remarked that, in pictorial art, texture has been more generally considered and more successfully treated in the present year's exhibition than at any former period in this country. The Dutch school, never having cultivated the grand in art, repudiated conventionality from the beginning; and high finish was to them an end rather than a means. It has remained for modern art to combine the two qualities, and the endeavour is in that direction. Sculpture, however, not being habituated to look to nature in anything, has suffered itself to be led entirely by the antique, and has followed its models so obsequiously, and without inquiry, that it is scarcely in a position to reason upon the principles it adopts. But sculpture is affected by the general impulse of art; and Macdowell has thrown aside the trammels of the antique so successfully in the female figure now exhibiting, that we have no doubt there will in future be acknowledged a variety of beauty in the countenance, of which the Greeks had no type; and the sculptor's art, when emancipated from one of bondage, will look more directly to principle and truth than it has hitherto considered to be belonging to its department. It will then be a self-evident error to model a common sailor with the monstrosity of a high forehead, to make him wool-gather, without that sufficient lateral development that would impel him to action. Remonstrating upon this particular with a sculptor, the reply was at once, "we may not describe the truth, which is vulgar, it is necessary to elevate in sculpture." But, in this instance, to elevate is to destroy; we are presented with the type of a British sailor in an impossibility to accomplish those things that have made the British sailor what he is. If we must have conventionality in this matter, let the alteration be on the right side, and moderately elevate the individual intellectually, but do not at the same time deprive him of his true characteristic. To do this properly requires more attention to

the matter than is usually paid by the sculptor, and we would therefore recommend a just enough of phrenology for the purpose.

##### STATUE OF JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A.

It has long been a subject of regret, and something of a reproach that, in this country, so little has as yet been done to testify a nation's gratitude to the great masters in British art. The persevering exertions of private individuals erected a monument in St. Paul's to the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the admiration of friends and countrymen a statue in the National Gallery to the memory of Sir David Wilkie. But the history of British gratitude to British art begins and ends with these two statues. While public memorials to our warriors and statesmen are of common occurrence; Sir Christopher Wren has only a slab, Hogarth is without a bust, and Flaxman without a statue. To remove in part the neglect so often urged against us by our continental neighbours, Mr. M. L. Watson commenced in 1843 a full-sized portrait-statue of the illustrious Flaxman. We have attended a private view of the model, the marble of which is also in progress, in Mr. Watson's studio, although the subscription list is yet far from its completion. The Academician is represented seated, and in the act of drawing some object in his sketch-book. The intense look of the artist, who sees a whole but as composed of its parts, is well represented; and the head is without affectation. Indeed the whole is successful in the avoidance of that appearance of display, or of sitting for a portrait, that is too often the fault of single figures. When we object to a certain character of misrepresentation in this statue, we know that we do but protest against a conventionality that has been sanctioned by such continuity of precedent, that the artist is likely to care little for our opinion. We would allude to the appearance of a tall man that this statue furnishes. This is so well known to be a misstatement of fact, that it has but to be mentioned. It has, however, entered into the theory of a sculptor, that it is so necessary to elevate the character of form in a work in marble, that truth is not supposed to make a part of its intention. All sculptured forms must therefore be on the heroic model: that is, every man, celebrated for anything, must be a grenadier. There are many objections to such a theory; one of which is, that grenadiers are seldom celebrated for anything; and we would only ask of our contemporaries whether they would not value more highly a statue that was an exact portrait of an early celebrity than one that represented him on the conventional model that was accorded indiscriminately to all. We have had detailed to us the possibility, at least, of inserting the mask of one judge into the wig of another. We do not see the great practical mischief arising from such a contrivance, if it is admitted that the original model possessed no characteristic of its original intention. It would thus appear that although Bacon, R.A., had more right to the said model than Bailey, R.A., yet that Tyndal and Blackstone's claims to it were equal. If the figure of the man has nothing to do with the individuality of the man, then might sculptors have by them a certain number of models to which busts might be added at the shortest notice. But this is no doubt an error among sculptors, adopted from the Greeks, of whom we have no statues of celebrities lower than demigods, and one that should have been abandoned when the toga was left off, and common costume considered admissible in a marble portrait. He that will not allow himself to be represented as he is during life, should refuse to sit; but, after death, the second-hand vanity of relatives or admirers is ridiculous. Let us give to posterity the advantage of knowing our period as it is; and let us get rid of the fanciful supposition that gracefulness in form and high talent are necessarily connected. It will come to this in the end, and the sooner the better.



## SCULPTURE BY GEATANO AND RAPHAEL MONTI.

THERE is on view at Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi's a collection of eleven pieces of marble in life-size figures, and statuettes, and busts, which have many clever characteristics that recommend them to an examination. The only figure by Geatano Monti, the father of Raphael, is that of a lady lying upon a sort of a mattress, dressed as if for a party. As it is intended for a tomb, we suppose, that she is proposed to represent death, but she rather appears to sleep. Her costume is open to objection as a matter of taste, and can only be excused under the condition of death having overtaken the individual so circumstanced. There is a great deal of mechanical skill exhibited in the drapery of this figure; but the face is not satisfactory, and there appears to us to be something of distortion in the neck. There are two statues of angels, both belonging to the same tomb (that of Lady de Mauley), by Raphael Monti, that, with as much of mechanical skill in detail, present a higher degree of sentiment in the expression of the countenances, and general arrangement of form. The mourning figure is, indeed, very beautiful. A statuette, entitled *Religion*, representing a veiled female clinging to a cross, is also very pleasing, both in composition and drawing; the treatment of the veil presenting in itself what may be called a prettiness that is very attractive, and would be much more so but that the same prettiness is repeated in no less than four different instances in this collection. The appearance of transparency given to the veil, by such a material as marble, is not new in Italy, though it is, at least, very uncommon in this country. M. Monti has, perhaps, succeeded more remarkably than any other in this particular; and, in doing so, has not sacrificed higher qualities; for the sentiment of the figure is preserved. A half-sized statue of a nymph stepping into the water, is an exquisitely composed figure, most graceful in form, and of a high order of beauty in the trunk, head, and upper extremities. The action is appropriate, and sweetly feminine; every detail being soft and flesh-like in texture. We might object to the leg and thigh, as hardly consistent in development with the rest of the figure; but altogether it may be considered a very high class performance. A figure of Margaret examining the Jewels, is of larger size; and is also very graceful in composition, though hardly so successful in texture as the last-mentioned; there being a little hardness imputable to the modelling of the bosom and loins. Two figures of children and a life-size statue of a Vestal, also veiled, complete the series of whole figures; but to these we cannot accord the same amount of approbation as to the others; the limbs of the female infant being something too much idealized for truth, and the composition not pleasant in line; besides, that it is liable to other objections from those who do not look on art with the eyes of art-lovers. A life-sized bust, the face of which is covered with a veil, so clinging to the features, that it leaves all beneath as it were transparent, completes the collection.

The unknown contributor to the *Morning Post* has been remarkably maudlin and sententious, on the occasion of this exhibition. Something sore from the castigation, he received for his impertinence towards artists, on a former occasion; he has very sillily imagined that he would right himself with the profession he had insulted by a pretension of patriotism in relationship to home art; and has affected to be absolutely rabid against all noblemen or gentlemen that dare to lay out their money in the purchase of any foreign production *quelconque*. Listen, reader, to Jenkins's No. 2.

"We have seen these works with pain, and we can think of them only with regret. The note of invitation, in compliance with which we went to look at the statues, stated they had been 'executed for several English noblemen.' As this fact can only disgrace the persons whose taste is thus declared, we have taken no pains to ascertain the names of the personages who are to possess these marbles."

These marbles, reader, with the exception of the tomb, are not of magnitude to cause a national bankruptcy. Any one of them might stand upon a side table. How the unknown contributor gets up the steam, with such a modicum of fuel, is one of his individualities for which there is no accounting. According to his mode of reasoning it is a high crime and misdemeanor in any man to buy anything anywhere but at home. We suppose this doctrine is maintained to preserve consistency in opposition to free-trade.

"We are too proud of our aristocracy to calmly witness anything likely to lower them in the estimation of the people. The spirit of the time is already too fierce, and requires not to be stimulated by sights which the best friends of order would be ashamed to defend. We can have no desire to foster the present impertinent interference with private taste; but when personal predilections are submitted to public judgment, then it becomes a duty to speak of them in the language of honesty. Our opinion is solicited, our criticism is invited, and it would be a desertion of principle to allow the expression of our sentiments to be checked by courtly aspirations."

Here we coincide with Jenkins. There are glimmerings of common sense about him now and then. Any one that solicited his opinion on such a subject deserves all he gets, and any one that invited his criticism was a fool for his pains; and if he expired under the infliction so induced, the verdict of any sensible jury would be that it "sav'd him right." But hear the patronising air with which this unknown contributor takes the unoffending portion of English nobility under his especial protection.

"The aristocracy of Great Britain, however, are a numerous body. Their mansions are galleries of art. The works which decorate their homes proclaim their tastes to be as exalted as their stations. The fatuity of one or two can reflect no disgrace upon a class, and if 'executed for English noblemen,' these statues confer no shame upon the nobility of England."

That last admission is a condescension upon the part of Jenkins, for which the aristocracy should be grateful.

"Nevertheless, that any titled person should be ignorant enough to admire such productions is a cause for regret; and as the works exhibit some peculiarities likely to deceive the uneducated, it is right that their proper character should be exposed."

Here peeps forth the footman—cuffs and collar is remarkably apparent in the last paragraph, "that any titled person should be ignorant of anything," seems to Jenkins to be a paradox—a sort of contradiction in terms. Now, although we should not choose to be as impertinent to the aristocracy as Jenkins has been on this occasion, we are not prepared to assert that a peerage confers the perception of excellence in art. We would almost as soon subscribe to the belief that, an unknown contributor was always an individual that knew something of the subject he undertook to teach; and it would be difficult to realize in us such a notion. What, we ask, has all this to do with the subject, art? What has this silly diatribe against the privilege every man has to choose for himself, in works of fancy, to do with the merit or demerit of the thing produced? All this is not criticism. It is but a pretension to maudlin sentimentality. He follows this, however, by asserting that the figure upon the tomb was the best of the collection. This is so absolutely untrue, that we were inclined to give credit to the unknown contributor, for more knowledge on the subject, than we before thought him to possess. It appeared that, desirous of being as opposed as possible to fact, he had possessed the judgment to select the worst for praise. But we soon discovered a more powerful motive. The elder Monti was not in England, and would never hear of his opinions, one way or other; but the son was present, and on him there was a chance that some uneasiness might be inflicted. This is quite a sufficient motive, in most cases, for such men as

Jenkins. But we are glad to get these small critics into detail.

"Two figures of female form, but with large wings, and therefore intended for angels, are contributed by Raphael Monti to accompany the former image. One is represented as oppressed and sorrowful. It is symbolical of regret, and is supposed to be expressive of the following misapplied passage:—'The fashion of this world passeth away.' What could an immortal spirit see to grieve for in such a truth?"

If the unknown contributor would point out some other means of depicting an angel than the above, which, after all, we know to be a conventionality universally received, we might be less certain than we are of the deliberate malice that dictated the above remark. The simplicity that suggested, the query at the end is ridiculously strong with gin and water.

"The artist evidently had no inspiration, and very little information to guide him. He had done wisely had he avoided any allusion to sacred thoughts, which he appeals to only for the purpose of exhibiting his vanity. In proof of this we refer to a small figure of a lady in a veil clinging to a cross, which is put forward as a symbol of the Christian religion. This is an error of so gross a kind that it assumes the aspect of downright infidelity. The shrouding of the countenance is neither more nor less than an assertion opposed to the hope which makes us happy in the belief our religion is revealed. We could not admire such an image without acknowledging a beauty to reside in blasphemy. It is painful to see doubt and mystery associated with the idea of that which at so vast a sacrifice has been declared, and we are glad it was no English artist who has dared to announce his disbelief. An English nobleman, however, gave a commission for the subject, which we are therefore to suppose was executed in compliance with the wishes of the patron. Let us trust that ignorance is the excuse, and a want of perception the cause."

Now, why there should be blasphemy in this representation of religion by a veiled female clinging to a cross, executed in Italy, a Catholic country, in which the form of devotion to a religious life is that of taking the veil and covering the countenance for ever from profane eyes, is such an extreme of stupidity on the part of this writer, as to render him a discredit even to the class of unknown contributors. But he tells us that "it is better to be deficient in sense than to want the higher feeling;" and having proved his deficiency in the one, he would assert his possession of the other, by a dirtiness of attack upon the artist, in respect to the group of "Innocence," with which we shall not soil our columns. Then, follow a wholesale charge of wrong that might have been written by his mother.

"Those who are able to interpret works of art must see in these sculptures, thoughts that are disgraceful and unfitted for exhibition, at all events in this country. The best quality the images discover is the purity of the marble in which they are executed. Next to this is the care that has been taken in the chiseling. These attributes are their highest, and the rest are hardly worthy of consideration. Wrong in form, faulty in position, mean in manner, and erroneous in idea, they present nothing deserving commendation."

We have no hesitation in saying that every word of this tirade is suggested by some motive that shuns publicity; for that there is much to admire in parts of these statues, even the imbecility that dictated this rhapsody of abuse could not possibly be entirely blind to. We are, we believe, as British in our feelings, in relationship to art, as any; but when we look upon a work we at once forget the producer in the thing, and will not mix the partizanship of schools in our estimate. The English artist has no cause to fear foreign competition; and whether he fears it or no, it is not the wretched remarks we have alluded to will keep it from our shores. Neither is it pleasing to an English artist to be reminded that English criticism is of so low a grade. The un-

known contributor to the *Morning Post* has in no instance pointed out the insufficiencies of these works, where they err; for to that task he is as incompetent as to that of perceiving their beauty, where they are successful. But the mystery, whose opinion is quoted in favour of the Velasquez hoax, may be doubted upon any subject, both in respect to its judgment and to its veracity.

#### THE WINTERHALTER PICTURES.

WE are something late in our notice of these pictures. In fact, reader, we went at last, something against the grain, to look at them. It is something hard to be compelled to assist in an advertisement; but mesmerism will have its influence even on us, and we have, in spite of us, a growing respect for Mr. Moon that has quietly overcome our struggles. The man that could, as it were, attach crowned heads to his chariot wheels, is no common individual; and we are almost inclined to pronounce him to be the O'Connell of printsellers. He must have a mighty head this Mr. Moon. However this may be, he has a palace for a show room, and we have been to see his pictures. The large subject is very imposing in its effect as a composition. It is treated easily and naturally throughout, and does undoubtedly contain the best likeness of her Majesty we have yet seen. The *Royal Consort* is also a good portrait, well drawn, and gentlemanly; and his parental anxiety for sure foothold to the early attempt at going alone gives an interest to the group that makes a picture. The composition of colour is derived principally from blue, crimson, and gold, and is, therefore, rather variegated than harmonious, the effect as a whole being cold. The texture is admirable in every part, excepting the flesh; and in this department of the art Mr. Winterhalter is far below some dozen of English painters. He does not understand breaking his colours, and gets harshly from his greys into warmer tints. In one face the red of the cheek and the grey of the shadow come edge to edge. The greys having a tendency to increase in power; this is a fault that will become more evident as his pictures get older. In this composition the face of the infant that looks out of the picture is the only one that is treated with sufficient breadth of manner to avoid the difficulty the artist appears to be unable to overcome. We might point out several inaccuracies in drawing, such as the right-arm of the infant walking, which is painted without study or attempt at roundness; but, on the whole, the drawing is one of its principal merits, after the talent at composition it so satisfactorily produces. There has been much said about the taste of representing the prince for a sailor boy. We cannot find anything to object to in this particular, and are rather inclined to like as a whole the smaller picture—not that it pretends to the same amount of artistic effort as the other, but, inasmuch as there are not so many insufficiencies to object to. Even the carnations of this picture, although not superior in their treatment, are yet so much less prominent in defect as to challenge criticism in a less degree. The pictures of Winterhalter cannot be looked upon by our artists without suggesting to them some notions in art that they have not considered sufficiently. Such a composition is not an accident, and careful examination will trace much of resource and contrivance to get over difficulties that invites an artist to analysis of its parts.

But what says the *unknown contributor* to this? Why is not his patriotism aroused? Why does he not protest at this free importation of alien productions? He is mute in this instance, and canvass and colour is allowed a privilege that is refused to marble. There is upon the palace-staircase a notification in black letters upon a gold ground that her Majesty has ordered a lithograph of these pictures to be executed at her own expense, of which an impression will be presented to each of the subscribers. What a remarkable O'Connell head Mr. Moon must possess to have persuaded her Majesty to present a gratification to each of his customers at her own expense.

Verily, we shall keep ourselves without the influence of such an organisation. We know nothing to which we may compare it, but the loadstone rock in Sinbad the sailor. We had the curiosity to inquire who was the artist to execute this lithograph, and were informed that Leon Noel was the party employed. Who but a Frenchman so fit to copy the German work? The *unknown contributor* does not object to this, neither do we. Leon Noel is a clever artist, and although there may be those in Britain that would have executed this work as well, majesty is not bound to know everything, any more than peers of parliament.

#### THE BLACKSTONE-TYNDAL STATUE.

THE report introduced to our readers in the last number relating to the supposed change made in the face of the Blackstone model, has been repeated by some of our contemporaries; but as yet no denial has been published. This is something extraordinary, for we find upon referring to the catalogue, that it is described as follows:—

1328, *Model of the Statue of the late Lord Chief Justice Sir N. C. Tyn dal*, in his judicial robes, intended to be executed in marble by subscription. E. H. Baily, R.A.

We must be allowed to hesitate before we can accord full credence to an assertion that would place a Royal Academician in such a position. There must therefore be rather a coincidence in this matter, that what is there stated is absolute identity. And we still hope to hear of a satisfactory explanation.

The *Daily News* mentions that the statue of Charles II., in the Old Stocks Market, in London, was originally a figure of John Sobieski. An alderman of London bought the statue cheap, altered the face, set it up in the city, and invited his royal master to come and see it. The king, it is said, enjoyed the metamorphose.

Since the above was in print, we have received another communication on the subject, which will be found among our correspondence.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

##### PROFESSOR WILLIS'S LECTURES ON ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.

In the seventh lecture, the Professor entered into the subject of mediæval architecture. Nothing could be clearer than the method by which he detailed the various alterations and additions, and the causes of them, which gradually brought about the different styles, from the earliest periods down to the structures of the middle ages. He divided the subject into two branches, the mechanical and the decorative constructions; and this was essential, not but that decoration existed even in mechanical construction; for in every building there was a kind of proportion recognised by every one. It was very difficult to lay down rules, as some went so far as to say that there should be no decoration without its use; but he could by no means agree to this doctrine.

In the early Egyptian the construction was merely mechanical, large masses of stone were placed upon and supported by columns. It was true that decoration was added; but it was merely superficial; it was confined principally to some carving on the stone itself. From this point there were alterations made gradually, until at length the decoration was entirely independent of the mechanical construction. The great cause of the difference was the invention of the arch. He was not going to enter into any discussion as to the period of the invention; but the Professor observed that, for his part, he was satisfied it was in existence in Egypt previous to our era; not, indeed, made use of so as to cause any new style, as subsequently occurred from its re-adoption.

In allusion to the arch, he also observed that he did not mean that the excavations in the caverns in India were arches; but that the term particularly applied to the wedgelike construction, which was supported by its own pressure, and that the form entered largely into all buildings, from the

Roman period, although it did not then form any part of the decoration, as it did in mediæval architecture.

In the classic style, the decoration was principally confined to the columns and entablature. In Roman architecture, the arch was chiefly kept out of sight, the classic model being still adhered to in the decoration. The professor, in proof of this, showed a plan of a portion of the baths of the Pantheon, where, whilst the actual support of the roof was the arch, the decorative portion was column work, the arch being concealed. After the decadence of the Roman, the Mediæval style sprung up; on this the arch was prominent. At first the ornament consisted of a series of concentric arches, all separate; but licences soon crept in, and every variety was to be found; hence the pointed and the ogce form. The perpendicular style which they obtained was produced by introducing over the arch the square form peculiar to classic architecture. The Moorish, or horse-shoe arch, was another form; but, on examining buildings where it existed, it would be found that the shoe shape was artificial, the pillars, the real support, being carried up internally above the point where the arch began to contract. The professor also entered into many curious particulars of the tracery principle, and its manifold ramifications, illustrating his lecture with many models of the various forms, and the principal alterations, which had taken place in them, giving, in many instances, the causes which led to their adoption, and their subsequent treatment.

The eighth and last lecture was upon parish churches. The professor observed that this subject must be interesting always in this country, although many of our churches were very rude in structure. This was to be accounted for from the circumstance that architects had been rarely employed in their construction, country builders having been usually employed. There was a model exhibited which showed what might be considered a general form for parish churches, upon which the professor experimented, giving the various alterations which had taken place, and showing also the rules which might guide any person to ascertain the time and circumstances which produced the different changes. Thus, for instance, changes and modifications of the ritual, the want of larger space, the consequent addition of side aisles, larger windows, and also the greater expansion of the roof, by which clerestory windows were introduced. It would be impossible, however, to follow the professor into all the ramifications of this subject; suffice it to say, it was altogether an interesting lecture. This term may, however, be fitly applied to the whole series, during which most valuable information has been given, calculated not only to interest the audience during the deliverance, but to excite to more accurate study of architecture, which was daily becoming more general. The professor took his leave amidst the applause of those assembled.

#### DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.

MAY 26th, MR. BOULNOIS, V.P. in the Chair.

A PAPER "On the Decorations of Covent-Garden Theatre, 1847, considered in their relation to Art," was read by Mr. Laugher. The subject was introduced with observations upon the unsettled state of information which at present renders it difficult to arrive at definite conclusions respecting what, at first glance, may be deemed inconsistencies and deviations from certain hypothetical principles prevailing with reference to the proper application of embellishment. It was said that the laws of affecting the rights of ornamental forms had been so generally disregarded and uncared for during the last half century, as to have become nearly obsolete; and that, amid rapidly increasing emanations of decorative art, of a profuse variety, in growth and endurance of colour, form, and value, many of the lofty, and now permanent structures, illustrate the advantages resulting from a careful study, together with a systematic culture and training; while, as yet, but little regard has been devoted to an artistic



cultivation of the entangled underwood, shrubs, acanthus, which are promiscuously collected for the purpose of contributing to another class of interior decoration. On these considerations Mr. Laugher submitted that his remarks should be viewed rather in the light of suggestions requiring critical investigation, than as series of conclusions fairly deducible from established and recognised principles in the application of ornamental art. He then observed, that in all cases of judicious management, it would be found that precedent or example had been respected whenever a completeness of form, and harmony of parts, had been attained; and he further contended that especial regard should be had whenever certain features became imbued with separate individualities and associations, as also when peculiar forms, colours, and expressions, are identified and classed with strongly marked distinctions and events of history. He maintained that, while servile imitation is not commendable, it is not nearly so objectionable nor so offensive to an educated and reflecting man, as the disregard for, and disturbance of his acquired impressions of the proprieties in characteristic association. Architects, he said, had supported this feeling with probably too much pedantry; but they rarely permitted a mixture of style and characteristic allusions to occur without censure. How far this deference to precedent and style had been carried out by the architect who designed the decorations for Covent Garden Theatre, would be detected in a glance; and having thus briefly alluded to them, he proceeded to show that an incongruous or miscellaneous assemblage of any conventional, symbolical, or characteristic forms of ornament, should always be avoided as a leading principle, or law in design.

Mr. Laugher next commented upon the rapidity which had evidently influenced the decorations of Covent Garden Theatre. Alluding to the practical difficulties to be overcome in so brief a period, he said, that he was disposed to attribute some of the defects in the design, if one had ever been matured, to the necessity of using such available embellishments as the experience of the architect enabled him to collect *instantly*; and while admitting that much energy and some discrimination might be detected in some of the operations, he contended that the selection of an ornamental material in which the architect is avowedly interested and its unskilful application were equally remarkable; the material thus alluded to is called cannabie, and was described as being composed of refuse parts of flax, held together by a bituminous matter, and pressed in thin sheets into intaglio moulds, producing thereby a *basso relievo* surface, at rather less expense and of greater lightness than *papier mâché*, and similar substances. He considered this material a useful auxiliary in decoration; but in the present case, the distance at which it is placed from the point of view, together with injudicious colouring and an excess of burnished gilding, completely cancelled the interest which, under favourable circumstances, accompany its adoption.

Mr. Laugher next described his impressions on visiting the theatre, observing, that the first and foremost partook largely of that transient nature which were appliances ordinarily excited in their supposed freshness and purity. This soon gave way to the influence of the gloomy and heavy tone of red and shadow pervading the boxes. The divisions being covered with crimson and marone figured paper, with a crimson carpet on the floor, crimson curtains and valances, while the light infringing over a smoothly-stuffed cushion in front, covered with crimson silk, diffused a red glare by no means favourable to the appreciation of colour elsewhere. The arrangement of the curtains and valances was said to be meagre, and it was assumed that the whole had been intended to offer a great effect, with a reliance on the value of the silk for imparting respectability. The grounds on which crimson had, probably, been selected for their purposes were discussed. If, as a background to a picturesque development of the audience, it was

said that it totally failed in such a purpose; and if with reference to the effect of the general interior, then the result was to be condemned for the objectionable and inartistic effects of the horizontal stripes in white and heavy-toned red in harsh and forcible contrast, placed, moreover, without apparent vertical support. The carved fronts to the boxes were not considered equal in respect of form to those at St. James's Theatre; and the general effect of colour upon them was described as pallid and faint, which an excess of burnished gilding did nothing to relieve. It was argued that gilding ought to be burnished only in a very slight proportion when placed on a white or a light coloured ground, and that the burnishing had, in this case, completely confused the delicate *basso-relievo* forms of ornament. The ceiling, it was observed, offered an agreeable repose to the eye in the circular range of graduated green with the full-toned browns prevailing in the marginal decorations. The general effect of the colouring throughout the embellishments was influenced in a remarkable manner by the crimson boxes in which the spectator is placed; and, this it was argued, constituted the key-note, to which other parts offered but little accordance.

It was suggested that a charming effect might be obtained by the application of different colours for the curtains of the respective tiers; also that the divisions in the boxes ought to be of a neutral colour.

The character, treatment, and propriety of selection in various details of the embellishments upon the box fronts were next described and commented upon; specimens of each being on the table. It was said that forms of ornament prevailing at almost every period had been applied; ancient Greek, Roman Reminiscence; Louis XIV. and XVI. and modern French combination had each assisted to confuse and debase in the motley arrangement the attributes whose aspects they wore; while the ceiling itself, which it was stated is almost the only portion partaking of artistic manipulations, owes its merit to examples of Le Brun. The introduction thereon of ropes and masks in *basso-relievo* and meretricious glitter of gilding, whereby the allegoric subjects appear in abeyance, was considered to mark in a forcible manner the departure of skill between the artists of that and the present period.

It was then proposed to postpone a notice of the remaining portion of the decorations until a future meeting; and a paper on heraldry was announced to be read at the next meeting.

#### THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

The annual distribution of prizes took place on Thursday last, at the Society-rooms. H. R. H. Prince Albert, in the chair, who delivered a short but appropriate address on the occasion.

Mr. Scott Russell also read a very interesting address, giving some account of the improved state of the society, he also alluded to the exhibition of Mr. Mulready's picture next year, and to the meeting that took place this very day, relative to the Caxton monument. The following prizes were then distributed by His Royal Highness:—

**GOLD MEDALS.**—The Society's Gold Medal, presented to Messrs. Davidson and Symington, for their method of applying currents of heated air to seasoning timber and to the various manufactures; the Society's Gold Medal, presented to Messrs. H. Minton and Co., for the models of a jug and loving cup; the Society's Gold Medal presented to Mr. Thomas Drayton, for his new process of silvering glass with pure silver; the Society's Gold Medal, presented to John Everett Millais, for his original composition in oil; the Society's Gold Isis Medal, presented to Messrs. Richardson and Co., for their specimen of enamelled colours on glass; the Society's Gold Isis Medal, presented to Thomas Brown Jordan, for his machine for carving wood, stone, &c., for ornamental and decorative purposes; the Society's Gold Isis Medal, presented to Mr. Henry Grainger, for the best specimen of white earthenware; the Society's Gold Isis Medal, presented to Messrs. H. Minton and Co., for the best specimen of white china; the Society's Gold

Isis Medal, presented to Messrs. H. Minton and Co., for the best specimen of deep blue colour on china; the Society's Gold Isis Medal, presented to Messrs. H. Minton and Co., for the best specimen of green colour on porcelain.

**SILVER MEDALS.**—The Society's large Silver Medal and 10*l.* 10*s.*, presented to Messrs. D. Pearce and C. Worrall, for their design and model of a lamp pillar; the Society's large Silver Medal and 10*l.* 10*s.*, to Mr. Charles Meigh, for a model of a mug ornamented in relief; the Society's large Silver Medal and 10*l.* 10*s.*, to Mr. F. Abate, for a means of preventing the emission of noxious vapours from sewers; the Society's large Silver Medal and 5*l.* 5*s.*, to Mr. John Strudwick, for his design for a roller window blind; the Society's large Silver Medal and 5*l.* 5*s.*, to Mr. Daniel Pearce, for his design for printing on china; the Society's large Silver Medal and 5*l.* 5*s.*, to Mr. John Philip, for his design for an earthenware mug ornamented in relief; the Society's large Silver Medal and 5*l.* 5*s.*, to Mr. Bedlake for his design for a geometrical stamped druggist; the Society's large Silver Medal and 5*l.* 5*s.*, to Mr. J. Austin, for an original composition, and specimen of stained glass; the Society's large Silver Medal and 5*l.*, to Mr. G. Inman, for his compass plane; the Society's large Silver Medal, to Mr. Horne, for his block printing in distemper; the Society's large Silver Medal, to Mr. Edward Keys, for his model of a mug ornamented in relief; the Society's large Silver Medal, to Captain Carter, for his method of suspending a knapsack; the Society's large Silver Medal, to Mr. Fuller, for the application of vulcanized india rubber to railway buffer springs; the Society's large Silver Medal, to Mr. M'Sweny, for his improved double-cone barrel steering wheel; the Society's large Silver Medal, to Mr. C. J. Varley, for an apparatus for facilitating the use of large gregorian telescopes; the Society's large Silver Medal, to Mr. R. Day, jun., for his model in plaster of the Martyrs' Cross, Oxford; the Society's large Silver Medal, to Mr. W. Ford, for his original model of a figure of Nebuchadnezzar; the Society's large Silver Medal, to Mr. C. S. Kelsey, for his original figure of a Greek youth; the Society's large Silver Medal, to Mr. E. J. Phisic, for his reduced model of a figure of Mercury; the Society's large Silver Medal to Mr. Westerburgh, for his portable level; the Society's large Silver Medal, to Mr. J. Walker, for his model of a sewer trap; the Society's large Silver Medal, to Mr. Chadley, for his plan for preventing the emission of noxious vapours from sewers; the Society's large Silver Medal, to Master H. Bursill, for a cast from an original model of the figure of Hercules; the Society's large Silver Medal, to Master Alexander Stanesby, for a chalk drawing of Apollo from the round; the Society's Silver Isis Medal and Honorary Testimonial, to Mr. W. Wood, for his tuphograph for the use of the blind; the Society's Silver Isis Medal and 1*l.* 1*s.*, to G. West, for his microscopic drawing of the spine of the echinus; the Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Mr. J. Bolton, for an instrument for facilitating the cutting of screws; the Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Miss Susan Durant, for an original bust in plaster, being a portrait; the Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Mr. C. Worrall, for a model in plaster of a candelabrum; the Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Mr. C. Fox, for an original composition in plaster; the Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Mr. C. Hodgetts, for an original chalk drawing of the Gladiator; the Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Mr. J. G. George, for a chalk drawing of the Gladiator; the Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Mr. Arthur O'Connor, for a chalk drawing of the head of Jupiter; the Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Miss Mary Elizabeth Dear, for a portrait in chalk and other drawings; the Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Mr. H. Souns, for a design executed in metal of the head of a Greek warrior; the Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Miss Jane Campbell Bell, for a chalk drawing of a head; the Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Mr. F. Sands, for an oil painting of birds from nature; the Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Mr. E. Hughes, for a chalk drawing of the statue of Mars; the

Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Mr. F. Wright, for a clock case, carved in wood; the Society's Silver Palette, to Master James Webb, for a sepia drawing of a tree from nature.

HONORARY TESTIMONIALS.—The Society's Honorary Testimonial and 3l. to Mr. Willett, for an apparatus for facilitating the collection of liquid manure; the Society's Honorary Testimonial, to Mr. Thomas Lambert, for a flexible diaphragm water valve; the Society's Honorary Testimonial, to Mr. G. P. Bayley, for his brush for tubular boilers; the Society's Honorary Testimonial, to Mr. W. Milton, for an improved angular drill stock; the Society's Honorary Testimonial, to Mr. R. T. Restell, for his compensation pendulum.

In addition to the foregoing premiums various sums of money, amounting together to 45 guineas, have been awarded to the authors of works of merit in art, as connected with manufactures.

HANOVER GALLERY.—The private view of the picture of the "Christening of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," painted by Sir George Hayter, is now on view at this gallery. Tickets to be had on application. The exhibition closes on the 19th instant. Along with the above is F. Goodall's "Soldier's Dream," and Mr. Thomas Brook's "Dawn of Love."

#### To the Editor of THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

SIR.—The publicity given, through "THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL," to the Statue of Judge Blackstone, will very probably direct attention—of artists especially—to the use made of it by Mr. Bailly.

Previous to the 5th inst. I had seen posted up in public thoroughfares a facetious placard, headed:—

"Lost.—The original plaster statue of Sir William Blackstone, by the late John Bacon, R.A."

This plaster statue I had seen many—many times during the last Thirty Years at Mr. Bacon's, Jun., in Newman-street; and on visiting the Sculpture-Room, at the Royal Academy, I recognised an old friend with a new face—the mask of Chief Justice Tyndal having been substituted for that of Judge Blackstone. No mould had ever been made on this, the original plaster statue, by Bacon, R.A.; Bacon, Jun.; nor by the late Mr. Manning, shortly after whose decease, the premises in Newman-street were let to Mr. Bailly. An examination of the pendant part of the draperies will tell you the extreme age of this work by the justly celebrated Bacon, R.A. Yet, setting aside all this, the style and manner of Bacon is so manifest, that every sculptor may recognize the peculiarities of that eminent and popular artist. Without the most remote intention to reproach the Council of the Royal Academy, it is to be regretted that one of their own body should be permitted to impose on the public at large. It is remarkable that the keen and discriminating eye of the press did not sooner expose the imposture.

Your correspondent "A Friend to Peace and Quietness," informs us that it is the intention of "a few meddling persons" to address the Council on the subject in question. Rest assured, my dear sir, that the members of the Royal Academy, as a body, may receive, but will never answer, publicly or privately, a memorial impugning the conduct or one of themselves.

A SUBSCRIBER.

#### THE DRAMA.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The two operas have little interest at present to the drama; and we may notice that even Mr. Macready fails to draw the crowds that attended his performances of last year. The repetition of some half dozen of Shakspeare's plays is not sufficient to excite a *blaze* public like the present, and something of a novelty is absolutely necessary to tempt the playgoer. We have before remarked a too great tendency in Mr. Macready to sacrifice excellence for newness; for which reason, in any play that has been before well acted, we find that the endeavour to avoid the already beaten track leads him into a road that is less direct and more objectionable. Of all his Shakspeare personations, we consider *Macbeth* the best; his *Lear* and his *Othello* we like not at all; neither is his *Hamlet* or his *Shylock* what we would desire, or what we have seen accomplished. They are all alloyed by apparent trick, that does not so disguise itself as to individualise the character. They are none of them continuations of the organization of the one man. There are parts wonderfully fine that are so little in accord with the conception of a whole

as to indicate that the whole has not been independently conceived. We believe, indeed, that if Mr. Macready had never seen Shakspeare acted by anyone, his *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Shylock*, would have been more complete personations than they are at present. His own fine, discriminating judgment would have had a wider field to occupy, and he would neither have feared nor accepted conventionality. The mannerisms imputed to his performance, are only to be found in those characters that have almost become commonplace to the playgoer from the popularity bestowed upon their excellence by repetition. It is said that to act the character of *Melantius*, in the *Maid's Tragedy*, had been long a wish of Mr. Macready. Major Mohun was celebrated in its personation after the return to monarchy, and Betterton succeeded him. The efforts of the latter in that performance may be estimated by the fact that it was the last in which he ever appeared, and that his death was supposed to have been accelerated by his exertions on that occasion. The play of the *Maid's Tragedy* died with him. It was Mr. Sheil that first recommended the capabilities of this play to the notice of Mr. Macready, and he undertook the task of its adaptation. Other avocations, however, interfered with this design, and the attempt was resumed by Mr. S. Knowles; but then abandoned by him, under the persuasion that the grossness the play contained was inseparable from its interest. A circumstance in one of Lord Byron's poems, however, suggested to our tragedian an alteration in the plot, and he commenced himself its remodelling; this, however, promised to occupy more time than his other duties permitted him to devote, and Mr. Sheridan Knowles was again called in; who, approving of the new plan, furnished the three new scenes required by the alteration. These are the second scene of the first act, the second scene of the fourth act, and the second scene of the fifth act, to *Evadne's* confession of *Aspatia's* innocence. The speech of the king that closes the first scene of the third act is also from the pen of that author.

We are not enthusiasts for Beaumont and Fletcher, and we think it is an impossibility to get a whole play that will hold the stage from anything they have written. That there are passages of high poetic merit frequent in their works we do not dispute; and that there are occasional opportunities for fine acting we grant; but there is throughout such a want of consistency in the manners of the people represented, that it would seem as though the author took his details from the misrepresentation of an early traveller, rather than direct reference to the nature round him. The plot of this drama is simple, something too simple; a little more of artifice would have remedied much that is objectionable. The scene is laid in Rhodes. *Aminor*, betrothed to *Aspatia*, is influenced by *Arcanes*, the king, to refuse her as a bride, and to substitute *Evadne*, the sister of *Melantius*, a Rhodian general. For this *Arcanes* has a double motive, that of lust for *Aspatia*, and also that of making use of *Aminor* as a cloak for his amour with *Evadne*, whom he had seduced. The wedding has taken place, when *Melantius*, the friend of *Aminor*, and brother of his wife, returns from war and victory. He is surprised to find the change that has taken place in the bridegroom's affections. On the wedding night *Evadne* makes known to her astonished husband the position in which he is placed. *Aminor*, after some urging to account for his melancholy, confides all this to *Melantius*, who will not believe the baseness of his sister; and they are about to fight upon the quarrel; but, in the end, it is determined to inquire further, and, if the wrong is real, to seek vengeance on the king himself. The fourth act commences with a terrible interview between *Melantius* and his sister; in which the former forces from her the avowal of her shame, and a promise that her faults shall not be repeated; but that, if opportunity is afforded, her seducer shall fall by her hand. They are interrupted by a message from the king, requiring *Evadne's* presence. Her brother goes in her place, accuses *Arcanes* of his crimes, and draws

upon him, but the king, under pretence of arming himself with a sword, alarms his guards, and *Melantius* is a prisoner. In the fifth act *Evadne* is again sent for by the king, and prepares herself to attend him. *Melantius* is in a dungeon, into which four soldiers are introduced as executioners. He is preparing to sell his life dearly, when they are restrained by the appearance of *Evadne* with the king's signet, who commands his liberation. This is explained by her avowal that she had stabbed the lewd sovereign in his bed. Having taken poison she dies upon the stage, after having undressed *Aminor* with reference to the calumny that had been imputed to *Aspatia*, who had followed him as a page, and has been wounded in his defence. There has, during these proceedings, been going on a revolution in the land, and the brother of the late king has been elected in his place, who pardons all offences. In this play, we have one character cared for. The godfather of the piece intended that character for himself, and it is one that never shocks us much by contradiction. Its opportunities for bold, blunt, hearty, and, of consequence, popular elocution, are very numerous, and Mr. Macready was happy in using those opportunities to the best advantage. We never saw more nature in a personation; never less conventionality; there was nothing stilted, nothing mannered; an intense by-play always going on, and, as far as he was concerned, the reality of the scene was complete. Indeed, we found Mr. Macready stand better, look better, and talk better, than in anything we remember to have seen him. This, however, could not be asserted of any other of the characters. He was wretchedly supported. The *Evadne* of Mrs. Warner, coarse and repulsive as it is in the author, was not less so by her interpretation. Indeed, the producing of that coarseness of the character was that part in which lay her best success. The monotonous drawl of her elocution has not been remedied during her provincial tour, and the only portions in which she was effective, were those in which a certain dignity of attitude gave point to a subdued delivery, as in the passage—

"I have sworn before,  
And here, by all things holy, do again,  
More than in name, never to be thy wife!  
Is your doubt over now?"

This last line was very effective. And again when she replies to *Melantius's* query by a look:—

"Hast thou relaps'd? Look at me. Thou canst meet  
Mine eye, and prisoner art to vice no more."

what she did was then done well. This was, however, doing little for a character that required much more from the actor. By these two the possibility of success was bounded. *Aspatia* was a love-sick maiden, that wanted a low diet, and was only tolerable when her love was out of the question. Her speech to the king, that closes her interview with him in the first act, was well delivered by Mrs. Sterling, who did, upon the whole, as much as could be expected with the character. *Aminor* is, to us, a very ungracious personage; a most intractable part for an actor. The manner in which this stage spooney is made to transfer his affection, according to the bidding of majesty, makes any respectableness an impossibility. At first he tells *Melantius*, who accuses him, most justly, of fickleness towards *Aspatia*—

"Tis true she had my promise and my love;  
Heaven knows my grief to lose her; but the king,  
On secret motives, touching her fair fame,  
Forbade our union, and made me make  
This worthy change, thy sister, accompanied  
With graces far above her."

Immediately after his profession of grief, for being transferred to one with *graces far above* those he had forsaken, he is made to say, while thinking of *Evadne*—

"Would I could ease this fullness of the heart,  
That almost aches with its excess of bliss!  
Teach me, ye gods! to thank you as I ought,  
For all this store of blessings, never yet  
In one man's lot poured with such boundless goodness!  
I am too happy."

What can the actor do for such a nondescript?



In the same scene we find him returning to his old love, *Aspatia* :—

"Methinks I feel  
Her grief shoot suddenly through my veins;  
I fear she has suffered wrong! But why perplex  
Myself?"

Why, indeed? What was that to him? Was it not—

"The king was her accuser, and,  
With vouch of her inconstancy, forced me  
To break my troth."

This is all so driveling, that when *Evadne* refuses him a husband's privilege, the audience were more prepared to laugh at his disappointment than listen to the extreme of energy that Mr. Creswick very imprudently chose to indulge in. It is fatal to an actor to be very loud without telling. It is expending his energies upon a blow that no one feels; and we can tell him that the easier he gets over this scene the better. The audience is not with him. They look upon *Amintor* in the light of a young man that wanted to be married, without caring much who was the bride, and there is nothing poetic in his disappointment. If this piece is played again, he must reduce that scene a tone or two, and substitute a less amount of violence. The quiet remark of *Evadne*—

"This rage can do no good!"

Told more heavily upon Mr. Creswick than upon *Amintor*. Take out the character of *Aspatia*, making *Amintor* the ardent lover of *Evadne*, and the most objectionable portion would have been got rid of. The king in this play is one of those animals of the early drama that makes us wonder at Shakspeare. He has no humanity in his composition, and his character is formed upon the libels furnished by ancient hatred to the name of tyrant. Mr. Ryder played it carefully, and if he did not make the character interesting, he did no harm to any one else. We cannot say as much for Mr. John Webster, who had a part of twenty-eight lines, and did not know it, and there were several stage waits in consequence, while another actor, a Mr. Harris, we believe, cut into Mr. Macready's speeches in a most uncomfortable manner. The efficiency of the management of this theatre was fully illustrated on this occasion. The costume was anything, and for the scenery we had skies painted upon the frame-work of the backs of flats. The getting up of the whole, accompanied by the anti-dramatic capabilities of the fifteenth raters that compose the stock of the company, make a success an impossibility. One actor cannot recompense an audience for all this, no matter what may be his talent; and if the public, to see Mr. Macready, must put up with so much that is positively bad in others, the price will be considered too great to pay even for that enjoyment.

#### THE TRUNKMAKER.

#### THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.

PERTH.—The theatre, which is open, is under the management of Mr. T. S. Atkins. The company is more useful than talented, and the patronage received of a moderate description. Sidney Davis is the tragic hero, while Atkins perpetrates the funny parts. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Reeves (late Miss Jane Webster), vocalists of some merit, have just terminated their engagement.

BARNESLEY (YORK).—The termination of the dramatic season has not been marked by any extraordinary circumstance, nor will the company as a body leave any very great impression behind it. Mr. and Mrs. Pollock and Mr. Manager Cockrill being the only members who could be fairly reckoned actors. If persons wish to prosper in management, it is absolutely necessary they should provide themselves with all the capabilities of carrying on business to the satisfaction of their supporters, and a talented company is the chief ingredient—that away—bills, puffs, and bluster go for nothing, and as "nothing comes from nothing" the result may easily be deduced.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—With this week the present theatrical season will end, and certainly the managers must congratulate themselves on the

success that has attended their exertions. The company, although not so good as it ought to have been, was nevertheless better than heretofore. Mr. Dillon and Mr. Widdicombe's system of starring themselves, merely because they had the power, cannot be too highly censured. It is insulting to the ladies and gentlemen connected with their establishment, and paying but a poor compliment to the discerning capabilities of the public. Every professional should bear in mind that—

"Good wine needs no bush—the bad deserves none."

PORTSMOUTH.—With the coming of summer the theatres lose their attraction, and therefore the present season will be brought to a close at the termination of the month. It is to be hoped the next company will be an improvement on the one now in use.

MANCHESTER.—The business at the Queen's has considerably improved, still it is not what it ought to be; but with the increase of trade better times for the drama may be expected.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Theatre Royal is announced to close on the 29th instant. The Liverpool Royal will also shut up its doors sooner than was intended, if the patronage is not considerably increased. The Adelphi has closed most unpropitiously for those who were engaged there. The Amphitheatre is, however, doing moderately well, which is certainly a feather in the manager's cap.

IRSWICH.—The first chapter of Mr. Henry Farren's (son of the celebrated Mr. W. Farren) management has passed away, leaving the young gentleman minus to a considerable extent; but rich in having played several of his favourite characters to his own satisfaction, and almost empty benches. Miss Lewis (late Mrs. Vaudry.) appeared as a star in the bills, and during the past week. The African Roscius and Mr. Leander Melville have played with much individual success. Mr. Melville is a good actor, and it is a pity he should waste his talent in any company where self-love and favouritism predominates. Mr. H. Farren opens the Lowestoff Theatre on Monday, with what success time will prove. Mr. C. Poole will re-open the theatre on the 28th for the races, with Mr. and Mrs. C. Gill, Mr. and Mrs. R. Power, Mr. Shepherd, and others from the London theatres.

WISBEACH.—Mr. Davenport took his benefit on the 7th, which was the last night of his short season, during which the theatre has been as a thing forgotten. Mr. D. will open at Yarmouth in the middle of July.

JERSEY.—The new manager, his company, and Mr. Phelps met with a cordial reception on Monday last; the theatre being well filled in every part. *Othello* and the *Loan of a Lover*, were the opening pieces; in the former Mr. Phelps sustained, and gave powerful effect to the character of the noble Moor. *Iago* was acted Mr. Maddocks, as was also *Desdemona* by Mrs. Maddocks. In the latter piece Miss Jane Trafford took the character in *Gertrude*, and Mr. Fraser that of *Peter Spyke*. Williams, Byng, Gladstone, and Mr. and Mrs. Wharton filling the remainder of the characters.

GLASGOW.—The present season will close on the 19th. Here, as well as elsewhere, the business has been but indifferent, notwithstanding the company has of late been very good, including Miss Fanny Wallack, H. Hall, Mr. and Miss Vivash, &c., &c.

#### MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Tuesday, *La Sonnambula* was performed, Jenny Lind repeating the character of *Amina*, in which she again produced the same sensation as on former occasions. On Thursday, *Roberto Il Diavolo* was performed with the same cast of characters as before.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—*Norma* was played for the first time on Tuesday last, Grisi taking the principal character; Corbari as *Adalgisa*, Salvi, the *Pollio*, and Marini *Oroveso*. Nothing could have been finer than the representa-

tion. Grisi's impersonation of the Druid Priestess was a splendid piece of acting, especially in the last scene in the first act, where she denounces *Pollio*. It called forth thunders of applause. Nor was she less effective in the final duet, the most perfect piece of music ever written, when expressed, as it was, by Grisi, with all the pathos and tenderness of which it is susceptible. Corbari improves on each hearing; her voice, also, seems to gain power. She executes with precision, is eloquent in her acting, and, altogether, promises soon to fill a first rank. Her performance of some of the passages in the duet was even better than that of her more powerful rival. The part of *Pollio* is generally performed by second rates. The appearance of Salvi in it, therefore, gave it an importance it seldom obtains. With something less of effort, his representation of the character would have been very fine; but straining after effect invariably mars it; and so it was with Salvi's *Pollio*; still we must do him the justice to say that he sung with much power and feeling, and also displayed some fine passages of acting. Marini's voice told exceedingly well in the part of *Oroveso*. It is astonishing with what power he carries a chorus with him; this was the case with the opening one, which was encored; and the chorus in the second act was also very much heightened in effect by his power. The opera was performed in a very perfect manner throughout; the overture being encored and the opening chorus. The accompaniment of the band, was worthy of all praise. At the conclusion, Grisi, Corbari, and Salvi appeared and received the acclamations of the audience.

On Thursday, on the occasion of Dumilatre's benefit, Persiani being indisposed, Alboni was called upon to fill the part of *Rosina*, in *Il Barbiere*. It seems strange to place a contralto in this character. Alboni, however, carried it through in a most extraordinary manner, both in acting and singing; in the second act, introducing *soane bel contento*, which she sung most beautifully. Ronconi was quite equal to himself in his former representation, and Salvi, Roviari, and Marini, exerted themselves to the utmost. The overture was encored, and the five were called on after the fall of the curtain. The last act of *Lucrezia Borgia* was then performed, Alboni being, as usual, called upon to repeat the drinking song. After this Dumilatre made her last appearance in *La Gittana*. She also danced with Fanny Elssler in *La Reine de Fes*. The house was very full.

#### CONCERTS.

\* PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Last Monday evening, the 7th took place, and afforded a rich treat to the audience.

##### PART I.

Sinfonia in C Minor (No. 5)	Haydn.
Recit., "Abscheulicher"	Me. Knispel
Aria, "Komm, Hoffnung"	(Fidello) Beethoven.
Fantasia, Flute, Signor Ciardi	Ciardi.
Recit., "Sich konnt es klopfen"	Herr Pischek (The Sicilian Vespers)
Aria, "Komm du Gasse Bräut"	Lindpaintner.
Overture, "Der Freischütz"	C. M. Von Weber

##### PART II.

Sinfonia, Eroica	Beethoven.
Duetto, "Du bist die Stütze," Madame Knispel and Herr Pischek (Joseph)	Mehul.
Recit., "Wie machst du?" (Me. Knispel)	C. M. Von Weber.
Aria, "Alles pfecht" (Dir Freischütz)	Cherubini.
Overture, Anacreon	

The symphony of Haydn came quite fresh, realising every wish as regards performance; so much so, that two movements, the andante and minuetto, were encored. To the last Lindley's playing contributed not a little; the veteran showing yet that age had not weakened his powers. This composition will bear a comparison with any, even of the great symphony writers—Beethoven himself. Signor Ciardi is a delightful flute player, having a clear equal tone throughout the instrument. His execution was very neat; in chromatic passages particularly. The composition itself was not wanting in merit. The overture to *Der Freischütz* was encored. The *Eroica* was played in a

most masterly style, as was also Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*. We are no great admirers of Madame Knispel; she sings with considerable vigour, but her voice is harsh and nasal, and her style generally too loud. Pischek seems to have become somewhat coarse, straining too much after effect by strong contrasts of piano and forte. He, however, displays great power over his voice, taking the extreme upper notes, which, by the bye, are out of the character of the voice, with much facility. We do not, however, recommend our young vocalists to imitate him in this particular, although their use may occasionally create some wonder. Altogether the concert passed off extremely well, the room, as usual, being very full.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—One of these took place last Monday at Willis's Rooms. Joachim, Deloffre, Hill, and Rousselot playing the quartetts, Haydn in G, and one of Mendelssohn; Joachim and Schulhoff (the young piano player), then played the Beethoven "Kreutzer Duet" in great style. Schulhoff is a brilliant performer. The room was filled.

**HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.**—Mr. and Mrs. W. Seguin gave a morning concert on Tuesday, to a very large audience. The programme was rather long, but contained many attractions. Among others, the appearance of a new violin player, M. Bezeth, who performed an andante and rondo of De Beriot. The Distin Family also contributed to the gratification of the audience. We were much pleased with the singing of M. F. Lablache, whose fine contralto voice would tell finely on any stage. John Parry was, as usual, a host in himself; and Pischek, in "Adelaide," carried the audience away with enthusiasm. The concert passed off with éclat.

Miss Macirone gave a morning concert at these rooms on Wednesday; she was assisted by Madames Dorus Gras, Rainforth, Weiss, Duval, and Dolby; Brizzi, Tamburini, Weiss, Pischek, and John Parry also added their valuable assistance.

Miss Macirone performed Dohler's *Tarentella*, and a sonata of Mendelssohn's, for piano and violoncello, with Hausman. Miss Dolby, Mrs. Weiss, Pischek, added to the attractions of the programme. The room was well filled.

Signor Ciardi, of whose performance on the flute we have had occasion to speak favourably of gave a *matinée musicale* on Monday last, at the house of E. Tyrrell, Esq., Hinde-street, Manchester-square. Signor Ciardi played several solos. Godefroi played a fantasia on the harp; M. Willmers on the piano; and Piatti on the violoncello. The following vocalists were present:—Messrs. Henelle and Solari, Signori Mario, Mecatti, Ciabatta, Ronconi, and Tamburini. The concert was well attended.

Mr. Blagrove gave a concert on Wednesday evening at the Hanover-square Rooms, which was numerously attended. He played a fantasia of Kalivoda's, and an air, with variations, by De Beriot. M. Dulcken played a solo. The vocalists were Mr. Knispel, Miss Rainforth, Miss Birch, Signor Marras, John Parry, and Pischek.

#### LETTERS ON GOSS'S INTRODUCTION TO HARMONY AND THOROUGH BASS.

##### No. V.

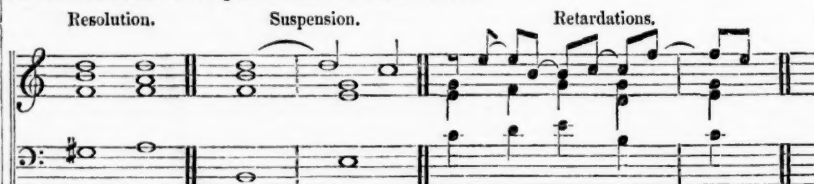
"The greatest enemy to science, is he who conceals the causes that retard its progress."

**CHAPTER XVII.**—"*Of Arpeggios, Passing-notes, &c.*"—These letters must not be looked upon as mere critical reviews on Mr. Goss's work; but as **LESSONS** in harmony—lessons not to be found in any work on the theory of music.

I trust, therefore, that the care and expense attending these letters, will be repaid by the profit derived from a studious perusal of them.

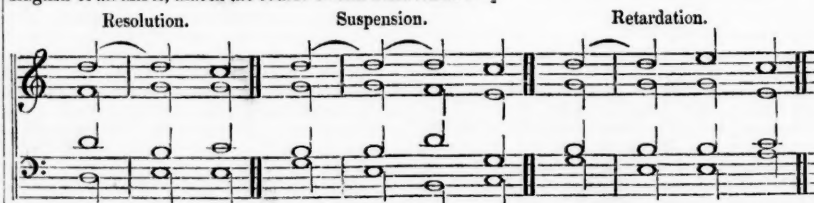
Unessential notes are divided, by our author, into "passing-notes, auxiliary-notes, anticipations, retardations, or pedal-notes." Why he should mis-call retardation "an unessential note," and why mix it up with pedal-notes, may be thus briefly answered:—Because Mr. Goss does not

know the meaning of the term retardation. This I will instantly prove, and at the same time show that he is ignorant of two other terms, viz., suspension and resolution! These three terms (in common parlance), are more frequently used in music than any other—notwithstanding this, the students of the Royal Academy (to say nothing of the teachers of this unmethodical and confusing work) cannot perceive the difference between them, nor ever speak of them without



This is like asking for bread and receiving a stone; for, according to our author, resolution is suspension: suspension is retardation, although his example contradicts his own words. The plain English of all this is, that in the course of this work

these three terms are made to signify one and the same thing at one time, and at another time they are made to differ without either reason or advantage! as the following example will show:—



Our readers would naturally infer that dissonances were subject to no other treatment than these, because (with the exception of the inharmonic change) none other are to be met with in this work. Four terms convey a very inadequate idea of the various methods of disposing of the dissonants in music, which amount up to thirteen. Mr. Goss, however, may be excused for having done so little justice to this subject, on the ground of every other theorist's equal carelessness in the matter; but when I inform our readers that this carelessness has occasioned all sorts of absurdities in the theorist of music and difficulties to the student; and, moreover, when it so affects composers that they often think they are writing against rule, notwithstanding their perceptions of right and wrong, convince them they are correct—are not our readers astonished to be told in the year 1847 that this simple matter still embarrasses the minds of theorists and composers, and has not been set to rights by any of them? Such is, in truth, the fact; and for this reason I gave new laws respecting dissonances in my essay, which students may safely follow as they lead to the point of harmony to which all aspire, viz., to unfold the peculiarities and beauties of the great masters, which peculiarities and beauties depend, in a great degree, on violating all the hitherto received laws on dissonances; which will be exhibited in a musical example in the next number of the FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

It has been necessary for me to speak of my own production in conducting this analysis; on this account I was doubly induced to write in my own name, believing it to be more honest, undisguisedly, to allude to it, rather than writing of it under the convenient monosyllable "we."

If, however, I run any risk of being considered egotistical, I stand little chance of being thought mean by reasonable men. But if there be any force in the following opinion of the *Spectator* (No. 248):—There are none who deserve superiority over others, in the estimation of the world, who do not make it their endeavour to be beneficial to society. I need not be apprehensive that either egotism or meanness can be attributed to me.

I must leave the remaining part of this chapter for my next and last letter on this work, and conclude with the following reflection:—It is not surprising that pupils generally pay so little respect

to their theoretical masters in this country, when they learn harmony, more to gain the confidence of the public, than from any innate desire to become skilful musicians.

If they learned music *con amore*, they would (as they do in Germany) reverence those who taught them. But then no gratitude is due to a master, where naught but a slovenly and irregular line of instruction is imparted.

#### FRENCH FLOWERS.

3, Keppel-street, Russell-square.  
(To be continued.)

**LIVERPOOL.**—The Theatre Royal Adelphi was closed for the season on Thursday night. We believe it is Mr. Hammond's intention to open for a week at Chester, after which he will probably quit the theatrical profession altogether, and enter upon a new occupation.

#### REVIEWS.

*The Works of Frederick Schiller.* The third volume. Henry G. Bohn, York-street, Covent-garden.

This volume contains four of the dramas of the German poet—viz., *Don Carlos*, translated by R. D. Boylan, Esquire; *Mary Stuart*, translated by the late Joseph Mellish, Esquire, who was on terms of intimacy with Schiller, and mentions in his preface to the first edition that he was commissioned to introduce this tragedy on the English stage. His version, being made from the prompter's copy before the play was published, contains many passages not found in the first printed edition. *The Maid of Orleans* is translated by Miss Anne Swanwick, and is now, for the first time, published complete. *The Bride of Messina*, that concludes the volume, and which is regarded as the poetical masterpiece of Schiller, has been translated by A. Lodge, Esquire, M.A. The enterprising publisher is determined to place within the means of all a collection that may in time include every author whose works are worth collecting. Schiller is one of these, and may take his place as a dramatist in an English bookcase as only second to our own Shakespeare. The story of *Don Carlos* is highly dramatic, and in its treatment very artistically managed. The tyrannical Philip, the hesitating, fearing, jealous, cold-blooded fanatic,



that sacrifices his son to his own lust and the machination of the inquisition, is not more detestable than the noble self-devotion of the generous *De Posa* is a loveable character. This play seems to us capable of adaptation to our stage, and its excessive length gives the greater choice in its condensation. *Mary Stuart* is, no doubt, the finest drama that has been written upon a subject, that, eminently dramatic as it appears, has not yet been satisfactorily treated. Had Shakspeare dared! But the facts were these among the accidents and offences of the time. The present play is full of striking situation, but wants a leading male character to fit it for the scene, though in the closet it is full of beautiful writing. *Mortimer* is a tolerable attempt, but the facts of the tale were too well known to allow the license that could make a hero. This has not, however, restrained our author in *Joan of Arc*, in which extraordinary liberties are taken, even to the introduction of a supernatural personage, and a denouement most eminently melo-dramatic. This, of course, applies but to the construction; the language retains to it all the beauty of a poem, though the plot refuses the dignity of a play.

*The Bride of Messina* is, perhaps, the most complete in story; but its simplicity does not sustain enough interest to the end. We too soon guess what is to come. With something more of intrigue, it would contain in itself the great material of a fine drama. The brevity of its matter no doubt suggested to Schiller the idea of lengthening it by means of a Chorus; but his judgment afterwards abolished everything of Chorus but the name; for the words might as well have been said by the parties to whom they are given to be sung. This treatment of the matter seemed to Schiller himself to have needed an excuse, and he has rather excused himself for what he proposed to do, than for what he has done. In this short treatise on the use of the Chorus in tragedy, he condemns the practice so decisively, that the treatise is misnamed when pronounced to be a defence.

"The poet supplies only the words, by which, in a lyrical tragedy, musical and rhythmical motion are essential necessities. It follows then, that if the Chorus is deprived of accompaniments appealing so powerfully to the senses, it will appear a superfluity in the economy of the drama—a mere hindrance to the development of the plot—destruction to the delusion of the scene, and wearisome to the spectators."

This is, we assert, the true estimate of the value of the classic drama upon the modern stage. The best constructed Chorus is to be heard, not seen. It would destroy the interest of the most intensely acted tragedy to allow its every now and then disturbance by those who are but thinking of the interval they are chanting. The very grimaces of a chorus singer would make a tragedy ridiculous; and it is impossible to discover a chorus singer that does not grimace. It is also impossible that any theatre could use first-class talent for the purpose; and nothing less than first-class talent could produce the music and the sentiment combined. Schiller feels all this, when he says:—

"To do justice to the chorus, more especially if our aims in poetry be of a grand and elevated character, we must transport ourselves from the actual to a possible stage. It is the privilege of art to furnish for itself whatever is requisite, and the accidental deficiencies of auxiliaries ought not to confine the poet's imagination of the poet. He aspires to whatever is most dignified; he labours to idealize the ideal in his own mind, though, in the execution of his purpose, he must needs accommodate himself to circumstances."

But the ideal of the dramatic writer must not go beyond the practical. He is imagining for a performance, and to imagine what cannot be executed, and then to depend upon execution for making his imagining understood, involves in itself an absurdity that connects poetry with insanity. The Chorus in tragedy was tolerated upon the stage in antiquity as a necessary connecting-link between the individually-recited poem and the acted play; men's imaginativeness were not prepared by the insufficiencies of early dramatic means to imagine actors the personages they were used to represent, and the Chorus was the explanatory remedy for those insufficiencies. Schiller

treats the Chorus not as the leading strings of tragedy, but as its perfectionment, and tells us—

"By the introduction of a metrical dialogue, an important progress has been made towards the poetical in tragedy. A few lyrical dramas have been successful on the stage; and poetry, by its own living energy, has triumphed over prevailing prejudices. But, so long as these erroneous views are entertained, little has been done—for it is not enough barely to tolerate as a poetic licence that which is, in truth, the essence of all poetry. The introduction of the Chorus would be the last decisive step; and if it only served this end—namely, to declare open and honourable warfare against naturalism in art, it would be for us a living wall which tragedy had drawn around herself, to guard her from contact with the world of reality, and maintain her own ideal soil, her poetical freedom."

This strange hallucination of a mind like Schiller's has, no doubt, spread much of error among those that look to him as an unquestionable authority; and his war with naturalism, which we take to mean truth, has been the precedent for much absurdity among those who had not the power to decorate the error with his genius. He seems to have seen no other mode of developing a plot but that of a dull detail of bygone facts, as we gather from the following:—

"The abolition of the chorus, and the debasement of this sensibly powerful organ into the characterless substitute of a confidant, is, by no means, such an improvement in tragedy as the French and their imitators would have it supposed to be."

But why substitute the confidant? why not let the plot develop itself. Is *Othello* so constructed? or *Hamlet*? or *Romeo and Juliet*? As far as we recollect, without reference, the *Tenpest* is the only play of Shakspeare's that gives this detail, and that it is a dull contrivance Shakspeare himself was well aware; for *Prospero* is repeatedly asking his daughter if she is not weary? and she does, at last, go to sleep under the infliction. That Schiller's notion of a tragic play was not in accordance with that of Shakspeare or the most successful of acting dramatists, may be gathered from the following avowal of his opinion in the matter:—

"The commonplace objection made to the chorus, that it disturbs the illusion and blunts the edge of the feeling, is what constitutes its highest recommendation; for it is this blind force of the affections which the true artist deprecates—this illusion is what he disdains to excite."

This opinion, if carried out by Schiller in his works, would have deprived his dramas of everything in them that is dramatic, and made them very different productions to what they are at present. We find even the greatest minds very often affecting the promulgation of a rule that is but an excuse for not having done all that they conceived; and so substituting an intention for a failure.

*A Sketch of Assam, with some account of the Hill Tribes.* By an Officer of the H. E. I. C.'s Bengal Native Infantry. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This book contains a good deal of useful information, though of a dry and uninteresting character, of a country which, within the last twenty years or so, has undergone the process of appropriation by the British Government. Until the formation of the Assam Tea Company, little or no attention was paid to this apparently unprofitable tract of land; but since that event it has attracted notice, though, even now, probably, not to the extent it deserves.

In the year 1825, the countries of Burmah and Assam were each respectively invaded by a British army. The former, although reduced to submission, was, nevertheless, left free; a fort or two at the mouth of the River Irawaddy, which commands the entire country, being the only acquisition made. But Assam underwent what is now considered a purely American process; but which it would appear, from the history of the East in general, to have been tolerably well known and practised by the British nation; the saving clause for the national honour being that which is now precisely the same as is promulgated by the Americans—namely, that the natives, "poor devils," would be so much better off under our rule, and the country made the most of under our system, political, agricultural, &c. &c. As we have no means of showing the *per contra*, we must

be satisfied with this *ex parte* statement, and suppose that the natives and the country have really derived benefit from our rule, at the conclusion of a harassing war, during which our army suffered more from the unhealthy nature of the country than from the enemy. Assam became a British province, and all the paraphernalia of local government were duly forwarded to the spot. The country, however, as we have said, was unnoticed until, at the expiration of the Company's charter, in about 1834, the trade of China being opened, and some confusion and misunderstanding having arisen in consequence, a prohibition to export tea was issued by imperial edict from Peking. In this dilemma attention was directed to the fact that the tea plant was indigenous to the Assamese country, and projects were instantly set on foot to take advantage of this circumstance. A Company was formed, agents sent forth, shares issued, flocks of Chinese transported to cultivate the inviting shrub, and all seemed to prosper so well as to give hope of ultimately superseding the necessity of going to China, and of relying for a supply solely on our own resources. Tracts, pamphlets, and descriptions of the country, poured forth from the London press, but the project has not yet answered the expectation. This, namely the cultivation of the tea plant, which, perhaps, is the most important consideration for the possession of the country, is, however, but slightly noticed. All that we read is that the Company have mismanaged their affairs, have gone to a great deal of unnecessary expense, and have not attended to the welfare of those who were employed in the cultivation, who suffered severely from the ravages of disease, as will be seen in the following extract. It is some consolation, however, to find that there is some hope of the early expectation being realised:—

"The tea plant is indigenous in Muttuck, and the Assam Tea Company have cultivated many gardens, greatly to the benefit of Upper Assam; and if the company steadily prosecute the speculation, thousands of labourers will, in the course of time, resort thither for employment, and become permanent settlers. Tea, it is believed, may be grown in sufficient quantity to supply the English market, and afford a handsome remuneration to the speculators. An inconceivable expenditure of capital placed the Assam Tea Company in great jeopardy, and at one time it was feared the scheme would be abandoned. The number of managers and assistants appointed by the Assam Company to carry on their affairs, and superintend their tea gardens on large salaries, was quite unnecessary: one or two experienced European superintendents to direct the native establishment would have answered every purpose. A vast number of Coolies (or labourers) were induced to proceed to Upper Assam, on high wages, to cultivate the gardens; but bad arrangements having been made to supply them with proper wholesome food, many were seized with sickness. On their arrival at the tea-plantations, in the midst of high and dense tree jungle, numbers absconded, and others met an untimely end. The rice served out to the Coolies from the Assam Tea Company's store-rooms, was so bad as not to be fit to be given to elephants, much less to human beings. The loss of these labourers, who had been conveyed to Upper Assam at a great expense, deprived the company of the means of cultivating so great an extent of country as would otherwise have been ensured; for the scanty population of Upper Assam offered no means of replacing the deficiency of hands. Another importation of labourers seems desirable, to facilitate and accomplish an undertaking formed under most auspicious circumstances. Nor was the improvidence of the Company in respect to labourers the only instance of their mismanagement. Although the Company must have known that they had no real use or necessity for a steamer, a huge vessel was nevertheless purchased, and frequently sent up and down the Burrampooter river from Calcutta; carrying little else than a few thousand rupees for the payment of their establishment in Upper Assam, which might have been transmitted through native bankers, and have saved the Company a most lavish and unprofitable expenditure of capital."

"It is generally understood that too little attention had been paid to the advice of Major Jenkins, the Governor-General's Agent; or more vigilant supervision, better economy, and greater success might not unreasonably have been expected. The cultivation of tea in Assam, with a view of supplying the English market, was, it must be admitted, first contemplated by Major Jenkins; and for his exertions in having been the main cause of the Assam plant being proved to be the genuine tea of China, the Agricultural Society of Calcutta presented him with a gold medal; but the Assam tea was first discovered by Mr. Bruce in 1826, A.D."

"The tea of Assam is now becoming better known in the English market, and its quality more generally appreciated; and as the chief difficulties have been surmounted, every well-wisher of England and India must hope the directors will, in future, pursue a more scrutinising and economical course: extending the cultivation of tea, and thereby, while enhancing the profits derivable from the concern, contribute to render England independent of China as far as tea is

concerned. If Assam tea can be grown equal to the produce of China, there is little doubt but that, at the rate of one and sixpence the pound, a remunerating profit will accrue to the Company: a handsome, but not a too ample compensation for an enterprise involving such highly important considerations."

The book, for the most part, is taken up with details of the different tribes inhabiting the country, and these not very clearly given; being rather a medley of uninteresting accounts of a set of savages, whose lives, manners, and habits are much the same as those of the savages in other countries, than containing any information of a useful character, or likely to lead to a more extensive knowledge. As, however, very little is known of the country at all, we must take the modicum of actual information for as much as it is worth, trusting to find at no very distant date some more interesting details of its present state and its capabilities for the future. We must, however, acknowledge that the book is written in a straightforward matter of fact way, and does, no doubt, give accurate accounts, as far as the writer could gain them of these hill tribes; but, as we have said, the history of savages is never very inviting, and the details are of too monotonous a character to render the work acceptable to a general reader.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

READING A PLAY TO "LITERARY FRIENDS." The candles were snuffed—the author coughed—the manuscript was bent backwards—and the auditors looked becomingly serious. The subject was announced as *Quintus Curtius*. "Roman costume?" "Of course." "Oh! I only asked; you know, I suppose, that Roman costume is in very bad odour at the theatre. Several first-rate plays refused solely on account of the toga. I know it from personal experience." The poet replied that he was sorry to hear it; but as he had no great faith in such obstacles with *Virginius* before his eyes, he was not much alarmed. The reading commenced. The opening speech had scarcely been finished, when Pungent observed, "Pardon me the interruption—but you know my frankness—I may perhaps say fastidiousness—but don't you think the epithet 'pregnant danger' rather indelicate?" "To the pure all things are pure," replied Ranthorpe. "True," added Pungent; "to the pure—but not to the pit. I dare say it may pass as a metaphor, but still you know the public is as censorious as a prude, and as sharp-nosed—I only give you my opinion"—Authors! if ever you desire to appreciate the extent of men's impertinence, ask them for their opinions. Many, many things they dare not utter spontaneously are brought out by this inconsiderate candour. "Why since you ask me my real opinion," they observe (glad to escape the hypocrisy of politeness), by way of preface to their malice. Oh! it is a glorious opportunity. Never did they relish honest candour so much before. This Ranthorpe experienced. Pungent's objection was but the key-note to a chorus of carpings. His friends did not listen—they watched for words or metaphors to object to. They had come there to give their opinions, and nothing but discovery of faults could have reflected on their judgment. So annoyed was the unfortunate author, that he several times offered to cease the reading, but his "friends" were too anxious to exhaust their triumph, to consent to any cessation. At the end of the fourth act these judgments were severally passed: "I think it wants action," "No; but situation and variety," "Some comic characters would enliven it," "It is so very ill-constructed," "You have no villain—tragedies never succeed without villains," "It is much too long." In spite of opposition the fifth act was clamorously solicited. During the perusal, the "literary friends" were observed to yawn, to read the titles of the books on the shelves, to examine the nature of their boots, and to be curious about their nails. They did not spare the fifth act; the first four had hardened them in impertinence, and the taste of honest candour had been so inviting, that they surfeited themselves at last with it. They advised him "as a friend" not to send it into any of the theatres.—Ranthorpe.

BUST OF JAMES REDDIE, ESQ., LL.D.—A large number of the gentlemen of the legal profession in Glasgow some time since made arrangements for having a marble bust of Mr. Reddie placed in the Hall of the Faculty of Procurators; the bust to be executed by Patrick Park, Esq. A very clever bust has accordingly been completed by that talented artist, and placed in the Hall; in addition to which, however, we are happy to learn that a duplicate in marble has also been made for the purpose of being presented to the members of Mr. Reddie's family. The presentation was made in due form, accompanied by a written address; the state of Mr. Reddie's health unfortunately rendering a deputation unadvisable.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.—On Monday evening, the Theatre Royal closed for the season with an "extra night, for the benefit of the proprietor." The house was very well filled,—Mrs. Nisbett having been engaged to play *Lady Teazle*, in the *School for Scandal*. She was most enthusiastically received, and acted with a gaiety and vigour that justified the enthusiasm. The *Sir Peter Teazle* of Mr. Ranger did not seem to give general satisfaction; the polished and finished style in which he opened the performance soon being exchanged for an exhibition of senile dotage and fondness altogether out of place. The *Joseph Surface* of Mr. Brooke appeared to give great pleasure, at least he was called for and cheered after the performance: it was an inextricable enigma. Mr. Roxby played *Charles* with spirit and ease, but he wants the breadth and joviality necessary to such a character. Mrs. Horsman's *Mrs. Candour* was most amusing. Mr. Cooper took more than common pains in *Sir Oliver*, and succeeded. After the comedy, and the usual compliments to the favourite performers, Mr. Wallack stepped forward and delivered a short address, the substance of which is, that the theatre will re-open for a limited period, on the 10th of this month, in the English opera; after which, Mademoiselle Rachel herself, with a proper suite is to appear at last in Manchester; negotiations, it is also hinted, are in progress, to secure the services of the Italian operatic company.

THE ARAB TENORE.—We read in *La Gazette Musicale* that the opera company at Algiers "has been recently enriched by an artist of a new kind—a young Arab; who, without having ever had any other singing teacher than a regimental band-master, is already, report says, a tenor of the first order. He made his debut in *La Favorite*. Letters from Algiers speak with admiration of this young Arab; who has acted with so much passion and skill as to throw every wish with him on the stage into the shade. \* \* \* His voice extends to the famous 'C in the chest,' without any effort." If this should be apocryphal, now—

PARIS.—The *élegantes of the Chaussée d'Antin* have not yet quitted the capital, although the season of the tourist has commenced. This may be owing to the circumstance, that although the season of theatre, the season of opera, and the season of art, has passed away, the season of dancing is yet in continuance. This has arisen from the number of marriages of distinction that have taken place during the fine weather. It would appear that all the unions projected since the last autumn had been delayed, by appointment, to the present period for their celebration.

Among the most remarkable in the past week, was that of M. Target with Mlle. Duvergier de Hauranne. The ceremony collected a great number of parliamentary and ministerial celebrities. Among the most eminent of whom were the rivals M. Thiers and M. Guizot, who met each other, pen in hand, to sign the marriage contract in quality of witnesses. M. Guizot for the bridegroom, and M. Thiers for the bride.

Some remark being made upon this singular rencontre, a stander-by replied, "I see nothing to astonish in the matter. The same thing happened to myself. I was brought face to face with one of my most mortal enemies, who came as I did, in the character of a witness."

"What! to a marriage?"

"No; to a duel."

"Ah! that we can comprehend."

"Bah! a duel or a marriage is, after all, much the same thing."

Thus, if this gentleman were told Mlle. — was about to be married, he would inquire against whom?

The swimming schools were opened at the first appearance of fine weather; and it is noticed that the ladies were the first who took to cold water. Nothing surpasses the intrepidity with which the fair sex enters into new enjoyment; particularly if it involves a masculine exercise. While the men are hesitating, in they plunge. The swimming schools are becoming very numerous; every summer witnesses the establishment of new speculations. The Seine is, as it were, covered in, so that there is a difficulty to secure a passage for a boat or a free space for those who have a fancy for leaving the world by water.

It is, however, the lady swimming schools that multiply the most, and these are filled from morning to night by the *belles* of the drama and the amazons of the quarter Bréda and de la Boulé Rouge. In the afternoon the modest *coups* of Notre dame de Lorette and the equipages of the actresses in vogue are to be found at the entrance to the cold bath. They are all enthusiastic for the exercise, and pass the greatest part of the day in the water. This lady swimming-school is an asylum into which no male is allowed to enter but the waiter, the swimming masters, and the agents of what is equivalent to our Humane Society. There the bathers exhibit every elegance and coquetry of costume; and, imprisoning their tresses in a water-proof cap, their persons in a cambric wrapper richly embroidered, they swagger up and down with a Spanish cigarette in their mouths, and challenge each other to trials of skill, whether in diving or floating or swimming. Then will they take water like so many syrens; after which, refreshed with a glass of Madeira (indeed, scandal goes so far as to insinuate that rum is sometimes a beverage), they are prepared for some new exploit.

How many among the profane would gladly intrude themselves into this sanctuary. But that is said to be an impossibility. We, however, advise those swimming-schools not to let their confidence supersede their vigilance, for there is more than one Achilles among our dandies that would not be deterred from the attempt from fear of the penalty.

The *Académie Royale de Musique* has been successful in a one act opera, called *La Bouquetière*; the music by M. Adolphe Adam, in which Mlle. Nau has beautifully executed a part written expressly for her, and has added another laurel to her wreath. A new debutante, Mlle. Mouldataigne, young, but already endowed with excellent qualities, has been received most favourably.

The *Theatre Français* has produced a piece in one act and in verse, by Michel Carré, called *Scaramouche et Pascalier*. It is an attempt to dramatize an anecdote of the famous Scaramouche, who formerly was so celebrated upon the Italian stage. Its success, as usual, with dramas in verse, may be considered as whitey-brown.

The Odeon has produced a five act drama, called *D'Égmont*, by Mr. Alexander Rolland; *Pythias and Damon*, in one act, by the Marquis de Belloy; and *Les Notables de l'Endroit*, comedy, in three acts, by M. Charles Narrey. The first of these is little more than a translation from Goethe, and was tolerably successful; the second, most completely so, principally from the smoothness of its style. The third, however, was less fortunate, though there are situations that should have told from their novelty. For instance, three of the *beau monde de province* compliment each other at the step of a door, each of them insisting that the other should enter first, until the curtain of the first act drops. The commencement of the second act discovers them in the same place: the discussion being supposed to have occupied the time that intervenes. This is not a bad joke; and there were many others as good. Mlle. Honorine visits



Paris, and on her return brings with her a portrait of a young man which she is frequently observed to contemplate. She is at length surprised by her grandmother. "Who is that portrait?" Mlle. Honorine (taken by surprise) replies, "it is the portrait of the king." This is believed. The young man arrives to demand the hand of Mlle. Honorine in marriage, and he is taken for his majesty. All is in confusion to do him honour, and things are carried to a climax before they are convinced of their error. The public has been set down as something severe in regard to this piece; we think the mistake has been in bringing it out at the Odeon where people never laugh; they only snigger. On the Boulevards it would have been more successful.

There is in rehearsal at the Odeon, a comedy, entitled *Les Aventures de Panurge*. Let us hope that Rabelais may have inspired the author.

**CAXTON MONUMENT.**—The meeting to be presided over by Lord Morpeth on this day, in the Great Room of the Society of Arts, for the promotion of a monument commemorative of the introduction of Printing into England, is likely, we understand, to be supported by many names eminent in literature. Liberal subscriptions have been already tendered; and, to their honour, Messrs. Clowes, the printers, have set the example to the trade which is more especially honoured in the honours paid to Caxton by sending a donation of £100.

**DEATH OF MADAME DE WEISSENTHURM.**—This lady was a native of Coblenz, and was for many years famous in Germany, both as an actress and an author. She made her first appearance on the stage at Munich, at the age of fourteen; and was attached to the court theatre of Vienna for the long period of fifty-five years. On her retirement, in 1845, the Emperor Ferdinand conferred on her the gold medal for Civil Merit;—she being the first female on whom that distinction had been bestowed. Madame de Weissensturm was the author of a large number of dramatic pieces in all kinds; a complete edition of which has been published in sixteen volumes.

**BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.**—The restoration of the beautiful east window of this cathedral is to be commenced immediately. Mr. Bell, glass-stainer, of this city, has been selected by the dean and chapter to execute the work.

Jenny Lind is supposed to have been the cause of two countings out of the House of Commons.

**OPENING OF BUCKINGHAM CHAPEL, CLIFTON.**—The opening of this beautiful Baptist chapel took place on Wednesday last. The exterior is unquestionably the most elaborately ornamented of any of the accessorial edifices possessed by the dissenting community in this neighbourhood. The interior is in an unfinished state, rendering it impossible to form a correct conception of what will be the general effect when completed, though some idea may be gathered from the portions of the gallery already finished. We may observe that the design of the architect, Mr. Pope, comprised a roof composed of a series of groins and taking in the Catherine-wheel windows; this has been departed from, and a flat ceiling substituted. The following is a description of the architectural character of the building, as handed to us:—The chapel is erected in the Gothic style, decorated and enriched as buildings were about the time of the first and second Edwards. Its interior dimensions are 40 feet by 65 feet, and it is divided on each side by five bays. Its entrance-front faces Richmond-terrace, and has three doorways, over which there are a number of niches, together with a Catherine-wheel window, terminating with a decorated gable, and at each angle by two octagonal turrets. On the flank elevation the windows have pointed heads with canopies; between the windows are buttresses, terminating with pinnacles. This front is finished by a pierced and enriched parapet. Behind are the minister's room and the vestry, the entrances to which are on either side, with canopies over. The chapel will accommodate 800 persons, 300 sittings being kept free.—*Bristol Mercury*.

**ACADEMY STUDENTS.**—We were applied to by a correspondent to furnish the names of the probationers admitted to the Royal Academy as students, and we applied to the institution for that purpose. Some difficulty was made in the matter, and we awaited its consideration. We now furnish the list of the last admission council, of the 26th of April:—

**Probationers**—Messrs. W. E. Pozzi, H. White, W. Hay, C. J. Browne, R. W. Margesson, H. H. Armstead, E. R. White, H. Darvall, T. J. J. Wyatt, J. Palmer, J. Barrett, W. Ruddell, A. Munro, E. J. Physick, J. Lawler, J. Kirk, T. Hayes, G. Aitchison, C. Eldred, J. G. Gregory, E. J. N. Stevens, J. Burrell, W. Reynolds, R. Hutchinson, V. W. Arnold, C. Poland, and T. G. Kimpton.

**Admitted to Study from the Life**—Messrs. J. L. Solomon, N. E. Green, C. Collins, W. F. D'Almaine, L. Wyon, W. H. Hunt, and W. Jackson. We shall attend to this matter in future.

The opera of *Zaire*, composed by the Duke Ernest of Saxe Coburg, brother of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, was performed in Berlin for the first time on the 23rd of May, with decided success.

**CURIOUS PATENT.**—Among the recent American patents is the following:—"To John Allan, of Cincinnati, Ohio, for a method of restoring the fulness or roundness to the cheeks." The patentee claims, as his invention, and desires to secure by letters patent, restoring hollow cheeks to their natural contour and rotundity by means of metallic bulbs, formed, fitted to, and secured in the mouth, by any suitable attachment between the jaw-bone and the mouth.

**CRITICISM ON THE MOUTH.**—The mouth, like the eyes, gives occasion to so many tender thoughts, and is so apt to lose and supersede itself in the affectionate softness of its effect upon us that the first impulse, in speaking of it, is to describe it by a sentiment and a transport. Sir John Suckling, in his taste of an under lip, is not to be surpassed:—

"Her lips were red, and one was thin,  
Compared with that was next her chin,  
Some bee had stung it newly."

The upper lip, observe, was only comparatively thin. Thin lips become none but shrews or niggards. A rosiness beyond that of the cheeks, and a good-tempered sufficiency and plumpness, are the indispensable requisites of a good mouth. Chaucer, a great judge, is very peremptory in this matter:—

"With pregnant lippest, thick to kiss percase;  
For lippest thin, not fat, but ever lean,  
They serve of naught; they be not worth a bean;  
For if the base be full, there is delight."

*The Court of Love.*

For the consolation, however, of those who have thin lips, and are not shrews or niggards, we must give it here as our opinion, founded on what we have observed, that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humour and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper or grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face. It can the least conceal the feelings. We can hide neither ill-temper with it nor good. We may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavour to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotion as the eyes are of another; or rather, it expresses the same emotions but in a greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to mobility. It is the region of smiles and dimples, of a trembling tenderness, of sharp sorrow, of a full and breathing joy, of candour, of reserve, of a carking care, of a liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression into the eyes, as many lights in a city reflect a broad lustre

into the heavens. On the other hand, the eyes may be supposed the chief movers, influencing the smaller details of their companion, as heaven influences earth. The first cause in both is internal and deep-seated.

The more we consider beauty the more we recognise its dependence on sentiment. The handsomest mouth, without expression, is no better than a mouth in a drawing-book. An ordinary man, on the other hand, with a great deal of expression, shall become charming. One of the handsomest smiles we ever saw in a man was that of a celebrated statesman who is reckoned plain. How handsome Mrs. Jordan was when she laughed, who, nevertheless, was not a beauty. If we only imagine a laugh full of kindness and enjoyment, or, a "little giddy laugh," as Marot calls it—*un petit ris folâtre*—we imagine the mouth handsome as a matter of course; at any rate, for the time. The material obeys the spiritual. Anacreon beautifully describes a lip as "a lip like Persuasion's," and says it calls upon us to kiss it. "Her lips," says Sir Philip Sydney, "though they were kept close with modest silence, yet, with a pretty kind of natural swelling, they seemed to invite the guests that looked on them."

A mouth should be of good natural dimensions, as well as plump in the lips. When the ancients, among their beauties, make mention of small mouths and lips, they mean small only as opposed to an excess the other way, a fault very common in the south. The sayings in favour of small mouths, which have been the ruin of so many pretty looks, are very absurd. If there must be an excess either way, it had better be the liberal one. A pretty, pursed-up mouth is fit for nothing but to be left to its complacency. Large mouths are oftener found in union with generous dispositions than very small ones. Beauty should have neither; but a reasonable look of openness and delicacy. It is an elegance in lips when, instead of sharp angles at the corner of the mouth, they retain a certain breadth to the very verge, and show the red. The corner then looks painted with a free and liberal pencil.

Beautiful teeth are of a moderate size, and white, not a dead white, like fish-bones, which has something ghastly in it, but ivory or pearly white, with an enamel. Bad teeth in a handsome mouth present a contradiction, which is sometimes extremely to be pitied, for a weak or feverish state of body may occasion them. Teeth, not kept as clean as possible, are unpardonable.

To the mouth belong not only its own dimples, but those of the cheek:—

"The delicate wells

Which a sweet smile forms in a lovely cheek."

The chin, to be perfect, should be round and delicate, neither advancing nor retreating too much. If it exceed either way the defect is on the side of gentleness. The former anticipates old age. A rounded and gentle prominence is both spirited and beautiful, and is eminently Grecian. It is an elegant countenance (affectation, of course, apart), where the forehead and eyes have an inclined and over-looking aspect, while the mouth is delicately full and dimpled, and the chin supports it like a cushion, leaning a little upward. A dimple in the chin is a favourite with the poets, and has a character of grace and tenderness.

**THEATRE.**—The engagement of Mrs. Butler on Monday and Thursday, did not, we are sorry to say, prove so attractive as was hoped, and, indeed, as ought to have been the case. Mrs. Butler is, unquestionably, an actress of genius, and should have received the support of the lovers of the genuine drama. Mr. Kemble Mason, by whom she was accompanied, is too melo-dramatic for the higher walks of tragedy.—*Bristol Paper*.

**ST. MAGNUS CATHEDRAL, ORKNEY.**—£1,000 has been voted, out of £2,500 promised by Government, for restoring St. Magnus Cathedral to something like its original beauty.

**THE NEW LESSEES OF THE LYCEUM.**—The Observer announces that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews have taken the Lyceum, and intend to open it on the 2nd of October.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Proprietor, Mr. LUMLEY.—This Evening (Saturday), June 18th, will be performed Bellini's Opera, *I PURITANI*: Elvira, Madame Castellani; Henrietta, Madame Solari; Giorgio, Signor Lablache; Arturo, Signor Gardoni; Walter, Signor Giubilei; Bruno, Signor Dai Fiori; and Riccardo, Signor Coletti. In the course of the evening a Divertissement, in which will be presented *La Manola*, by Mlle Cerito and M. St. Leon. To conclude with the revived and admired Ballet, entitled *LA ESMEERALDA*. Principal characters by Mlle. Carlotta Gristi, Madame Copere, Madame Petit Stephan, M. Perrot, M. Gosselin, and M. St. Leon.

It is respectfully announced, that by special command of her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN, on Tuesday next, June 15, will be represented Bellini's Opera, *NORMA*. Principal parts Mlle. Jenny Lind, Signor Fraschini, and Signor Lablache. And a Divertissement, in which will appear Mlle. Carlotta Gristi, Mlle. Rosati, and Mlle. Cerito.

The Nobility, Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed that there will be a grand extra night on Thursday next, June 17th, on which occasion Mlle. Jenny Lind will appear in one of her favourite characters. To be followed by various entertainments in the ballet department, combining the talents of Mlle. Carlotta Gristi, Mlle. Lucile Grann, Mlle. Carolina Rosati, Madame Petit Stephan, and Mlle. Cerito, M. Perrot, and M. St. Leon.

## GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**—Friday next, June 18th, when will be performed Rossini's *STABET MATER*, on which occasion, Madame Gristi, Madame Persiani, Signora Corbali, and Mlle. Albani, Signor Mario, Signor Saly, Signor Tarnarini, Signor Ronconi, Signor Tagliacozzo, and Signor Marini will sing.

## A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.

In the course of the morning, Rossini's "La Carita," by the whole strength of the company. Beethoven's Grand Battle *Sinfonia* will be performed by the orchestra, with two additional Military Bands, under the direction of M. Costa.

Prices of Admission.—Pit and First Amphitheatre Tickets, 2s.; Pit Stalls, 15s.; First Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Second Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.; Grand Tier Boxes, £4 4s.; Pit and First Tier Boxes, £3 15s. 6d.; Second Tier Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Third Tier Boxes, £2 2s.; Fourth Tier Boxes, £1 11s. 6d.; Second Amphitheatre Tickets, 3s. 6d.; Gallery Tickets, 2s. 6d.

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